

THE
BELLS OF IS

ISAAC STEPHEN SMITH



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Very respectfully,
Isaac Stephen Smith.

THE BELLS OF IS

OR

VOICES HEARD IN RAMBLES WITH
THE MUSE

By ISAAC STEPHEN SMITH, A.M.,
Author of "Foursquare and Full-Orbed," "Observations in Life Realms," "Reminiscences and Reflections," "Through God's Real Fairyland," etc.

A SEER'S SURVEY OF LIFE, RANDOM
RHYMES, AND A LITERARY
EXCURSION



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THIS VOLUME
Is
DEDICATED
To
IVAN HAROLD SMITH
To Whom
Acknowledgement Is Made by the
Author for Many Helpful
Suggestions.

Prologue

Did ever mortal wreathe such harmonies
As echo from the city neath the seas?
Once, dreaming by the haunted shore of
time,

I found the shell of beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And mad the sea's Aeolian harp to sing,
I fondly deemed the sheen a living thing.
Fortune and ease I sacrificed to roam
And turned my back on kindred, friends and
home,

Resolved to follow where the goddess led
To depths below or raptures overhead;
And often as my quest I did pursue
And watch the sun sink lower, as he threw
His crimson paths athwart the waters wide,
And white unending waves urged by the
tide

Foamed and resounded near me, I could hear
A marvelous noise of whisper, whistle clear,
Of laughter or of murmurs, sobs or sighs,
Which with the restless billows seemed to
rise—

And through it all there pierced the sound
of song,

Some gentle, homely song that once was
sung.

I still can hear the music of those bells
Buried beneath the sea where beauty dwells;
Wild witch-lights haunt the gaily sculptured
tomb;

Song's everlasting lamp burns in the gloom.

Brief Notes of Explanation, Acknowledgment and Apology

No autobiographical declaration
That may be found in this publication
Is to be taken as a personal revelation;
But rather these rhymes,
Whatever their merit,
Are the poetical pass-times,
Of an exuberant spirit,
Though at times melancholy,
Who had in his folly,
Absorbed, to make sure
Of what would endure,
The very soul of all literature;
And whose memory finds,
Midst the Autumn leaves,
Shapes, hues of all kinds
Which his fancy weaves;—
Thus made into wreathes for the brow of
 Poesy,
Laden with honey-dew, nectar, ambrosia,
A tribute is offered that even the Muse
'Tis fondly conjectured would not deign to
 refuse.

The title is that of a legend well-known,
That comes from the records of ages long
 flown,
Of a city sunk under the sea,
Where the bells keep a-ringing
And the harps go on singing,
Thus evermore making strange, beautiful
 music,
A grand symphony,
Whose echoes resound,
The wide world around,
And whose notes may be found
In every country where mortals may be.

In the title the term Rambles is chosen be-
 cause
It represents something untrammelled by
 laws,
Unrestrained, haphazard, unfettered and
 free,
Suggesting the easy jog-trot as you see,
With abundance of time as you leisurely
 pass—
If you please as you lie full length on the
 grass—
The eagle that soars high up in the sky
Where the clouds are like flocks of white
 sheep driven by,
Or the wild deer that graze in cool shadows
 below;

Or to stop and to study the flowers as they
grow
In richest profusion on much of the way
And to seek for the roads to the sunlight
each day ;
To challenge the good and the evil of things
That faces each one in his earth-wander-
ings ;
As he hears in the silence the music of trees,
The rambler, in loneliness, more of life sees
Than the tourists in multitudes hurrying
along
With their eyes on the dust and no time for
a song,
Their object in life just to say they have
done it,
And who seek for a prize but to claim they
have won it ;
Like the blindest of races to will-o'-wisp
places ;
Like many who have a keen vision for faces,
But who learn not expression, nor study of
course,
The emotion or character which is its
source ;
Alone upon thrones they would recognize
Kings,
For they penetrate not to the essence of
things,
To see as they are the flower and the star,

The tiny things near and the great things
afar.

But the Rambler, unwearied, unhurried, has
time,

As he jots down his rambles in prose or in
rhyme,

To study a flower in its delicate bloom,

Or to pierce the bewildering mystical gloom

That encircles the earth with its nations of
men

From creation's birth down the cycles since
then,

And to see all the stars in their glitter of
light

Far away o'er the lowering gloom of earth's
night.

The author acknowledging debts that he
owes

To all the poets and writers of prose,

Due credit to each would if possible give

In his legacy which to the world he doth
leave.

From Petrarch, and Chaucer, and Shakes-
peare, to Poe,

From the latest of bards to Boccaccio,

Every author has been like the busiest bee

In searching for honey from flower and tree.

Even Homer had listened ere smote on his
lyre,

Surely enough has been written,
And why should one write more,
By distress and misfortune smitten,
Whose heart is so sad and sore?
Who has traveled through days of trouble
And spent long nights alone;
Whose life has burst like a bubble
And whose hope has turned to a moan?
Yet the dream of beauty's fruition
Comes back from the shades of the past,
A passionate, exquisite vision,
Too fair to forget, or to last.

Remembering whatever he might require ;
In modern decades what writer has done
Aught in verse more original? Surely not
one.

What is said—has it never been said before?
What is sought—can a writer justly claim
more

Then just the peculiar cut of his style,
Or the power to call forth a tear or a smile
By some new adjustment of shade or of
light?

All the blossoms thought beautiful, fragrant
or bright

Long since have been culled; how seldom
we find

One whose lustre or perfume does not us re-
mind

Of some other flower we gathered before ;
And tracing each one to its stem, or down
lower,

To the roots and the soil where such bright
flower grew—

Is there anything under the sun that is new?
Still Homer harps on of the things that he
heard

And gilds his ideal with glittering word ;
Still sings the great songs of humanity
He has heard men sing on land and on sea ;
Still publishes tropes his name to adorn,
Built a thousand years before he was born.

A SEER'S SURVEY OF LIFE

Chapter I

I

Spent by the toil of life's strange history
And saddened by its wrong and mystery,
Bereft of friends aweary and forlorn,
I early wandered forth one Christmas morn ;
A peaceful quietude was in the air,
A tender silence brooded everywhere,
As if all nature sympathized with me
And with the sacred office of the day ;
A day for gratitude, day of good cheer,
To multitudes best day of all the year.

II

Behind me lay the city's noise and strife
And the perpetual unquiet life.
Around me were green fields and cheeriness ;
Before me lay the pathless wilderness.
Vast fields of grain lay laughing in the sun,
Or list'ning to the murmuring brooks that
run

Along by clumps of bushes and wild briars;
Thus aimlessly I wandered on for hours;
Then turned into a rustic road which led,
Directly downward toward the riverbed.

III

About the half-worn path the cattle grazed,
Cropping young grass, or languidly they
gazed
Toward the shine of stream which flashed
between
The trees in bands—a semi-tropic scene.
Far in the woods I met a lonely man
Whose pilgrimage had passed the allotted
span;
Quaint and loquacious—garrulous inclined,
Majestic was his mien, superb his mind;
His speech though fluent was I did discern
Inlaid with thoughts that breathe and words
that burn.

IV

Although most unexpected was our meet-
ing,
Both frank and unaffected was his greeting.
I saw at once he was nobody's fool—
A polished gentleman of the old school
Withdrawn from social cares to Nature's
wild,
He had retained the manner of a child,

Fresh and spontaneous ; but with his age
Acquired reflective wisdom of the sage ;
All that he said was unreserved, but bore
The marks of keen insight and deepest lore.

V

His wisdom had the wideness of the sky
And scintillated with philosophy ;
His wit was wonderful, and I could trace
All that distinguishes the human race—
All loves impassioned, all that men have
 thought,
Outlined in words instinct with life. Who
 taught
The hermit of the wilderness his lore
With hidden secrets never known before ?
To weave thus easily into his strain
What poets learn with loss, express with
 pain ?

VI

A wondrous seer, apostle, prophet, sage—
A messenger to our apostate age—
Would that I could recall to memory
Each smallest word of all he said to me !
A medley of the muses it might seem,
Mosaic of the minstrels, or a dream.
All that I ever read of, ever heard,
And much for which there is no speech or
 word,

All that I ever thought of great or good,
Found utterance within the solitude.

VII

His look and tone could I revive within me
To such a deep profound delight 'twould
win me

A photographic poem I might write,
A phonographic volume whose delight
Would hold unto the end the reader's eyes—
Like one caught up in view of Paradise;
Or one who standing on the holy mount
Regarded common things of small account;
Or those who on the honey-dew had fed:—
To close the book at last with holy dread.

VIII

The hermit's home was not a cave close-
shut;
Among the giant cedars was his hut
Of wood and stone, quaint wrought in curi-
ous styles,
And roofed with vines o'er multicolored
tiles,
O'er which the rustling branches waving
met,
And sounded like the city's voices, yet
So far removed from all the city's din
That heaven's peace could shut the spirit in;
There, where the gates of heaven open wide
What voices came, what visions did abide!

IX

I've reached, the hermit said, the snowy heights;

I stand upon the summit of this life;
Around me falls in golden rays the sun,
Beneath the lightning plays, the storm-god
howls;

And deep'ning shades obscure the vales of
time.

Afar, the light breaks on horizons dim;
The day removes his royal diadem;
The night unveils her jewelry of suns;
All chaos turns to cosmos; I behold
The past, the present and futurity.

X

Long years ago I dwelt above the clouds;
Ere I had mingled with the dust of earth;
Ere I became the erring child of night.
Above their spectral shrouds of mysteries
I breathed seraphic ether. I was not
A creature then of circumstance. My
thoughts

Were unconfined by tenement of clay,
My sight had unimpeded scope, and was
Clear with the vision of eternity,
And trained by view of myriads of worlds.

XI

The universe swung from infinitude,
A pit, as shapeless void and noiseless as

The shadow of a vision draped in rain;
And, as the pendulum of unborn Time,
It swung its dusky pace from cloud to cloud
And reckoned with its mournful melody,
In dim sepulchral strides, the pulse of Fate.
There was no sun or moon or starry sky,
No changing seasons, and no sea except
The inky sea of night on which I sailed.

XII

The elements, ungentle as they were,
Became the ship on which I listless lay
And drifted with the ever-drifting tide,
Or rolled in dark distress, apparently
Without a compass and without a guide.
Upon Night's ebon bosom I was borne,
Till sweeping past the Sources of the winds
And speeding by the lightning ancient
tower,
Afar from heaven's agate gates I fell
And touched at length a lowly spot of earth.

XIII

Beside a fevered mother's breast I lay;
My soul was bound about by strange decay;
I was a babe; a struggling thing of life.
Strange voices spoke in stranger words of
strife.
No more I soared above the tempest's
flight,

No more I dwelt upon the mountain-height,
The pinnacle from which my soul was hurled.
Twas night; about me slept an aching
world;

Before moved a specter grim as death
And set his seal upon my earliest breath.

XIV

Thus from the silent brooding home I came,
Thus from the immemorial house of love,
To wail and wonder at the world's bleak
morn;

To sojourn for an uncongenial day—
Move with unhalting pace toward the eve,
The length'ning shadow and the common
bourne:

Through cities vast and dark on lonely
farms;

A waif upon the sea; and eddying dust
Upon the shore blown by a harrying wind;
A fleeing ghost from inescapable hell.

XV

Born in the pouring radiance of song
And with the pulse of music, God-de-
signed—

Creative magic had been shaping me
A song-winged messenger. Starvation came
With loneliness, the desert of the soul,
The dreary waste, a slave to sordid toil—

The magic slimed by opiate of the night.
Upon life's great imperious surge I rode
The dark'ning flood, till o'er the tide was
 blown
A song—the music of my far-off soul :

XVI

The song of Life, of which I am a part ;
Life from the depths of heaven to the clod,
Ascending like a water-spring to man ;
To David in the eastern hills at night ;
To Joan in the orchard, and to me ;
Life, binding us as brothers into sheaves
With trees that shake the blossoms from its
 breast,
And bees that gather honey from its lips ;
(We kneel together in the dust, and we
Together glorify the Source of Life.)

XVII

Swift gliding seasons had long marches stole
And infancy was into childhood merged.
I wandered thoughtlessly through fields and
 woods,
And braved the dashing current in my glee ;
Yet I was always sad, I knew not why,
And strange emotions often filled my breast.
A demon seemed to haunt me, and he wrote
His image on my life. E'en from my birth
I had not been as others on the earth ;
Aloof I held myself from all mankind.

XVIII

Yet oft I dreamed in those dear days of old,
'Neath wide kind skies, of the strange
stories told

Of life within the far-off towns of men,
Of glory on the firing-line, and then—
Mad music on the highway, it did seem,
Drowned out the sweet enchantment of my
dream,

As for the inaccessible I pined
And sighed for all that never should be
mine,

Yet vainly strove the hopeless to attain—
In those dear days that come not back again.

XIX

I loved the fragrance of the clover fields,
The hum of bees, the tender streaks of dawn,
The dewy brightness of the early spring,
The mellow glories of the autumn day,
As each in turn did tranquilize and charm;
And oft was thrilled with innocent delight
By beauty of a flower or song of birds;
And thus from earliest youth, the tender
vines

Did clamber over nature's ruggedness—
Sweet flowers nestled in life's crevices.

XX

I loved all things inanimate, and oft
I dwelt alone with Nature. And when years

Swift-winged, had childhood into manhood
turned,

I stood as adamant against the world,
Warm from within, but cold and bleak
without.

Misunderstood, my motives misconceived,
I, discontented, left my native land
And wandered over unfrequented seas.
I walked on barren soils where ne'er before
The footprint of a human step was made.

XXI

I sought for scenes where man had never
been,

Where woman never smiled and never wept,
There to abide with Nature and with God,
There to untroubled and untroubling sleep—
The grass below, above, the vaulted sky.

But, doomed to live with shadows, I was
tossed

Into the city's nothingness of scorn—
Back to the living sea of waking dreams,
Where e'en the dearest, that I loved the
best,

Seemed strange—nay rather, stranger than
the rest.

XXII

Too oft I saw the haunts of Babylon—
Its tumult and intensity at night,

The flash of careless spending limitless
In jets of nervous vibrancy ; too oft
I saw Arabian Nights (Manhattan Nights),
The care-free nights of tragic consequence.
Back from the gay encounter I would come,
And, like the glorious Byron, I would go
To render 'neath the sting of revelry
Some new Childe Harold—for myself alone.

XXIII

I'd thought, when just a boy afar from town,
My chiefest joy would be to win renown;
The winds bore magic words from east and
west,
And dreams of fame were surging in my
breast.
Though poor in purse, how rich in hope and
health!
How little cared I then for sordid wealth!
While want like frost-bite often kills the
grain
That Fancy sows within a teaming brain,
Still, youth within itself is rich in dreams,
And builds fine castles by life's golden
streams.

XXIV

One day when fresh winds blew upon my
cheek,
I journeyed forth my happiness to seek—

To learn how wonderful the world might
be;

I roamed by copses and by sunny lea;
And as delightful music led the way
To where the lamplight shone like amber
day,

I came unto an ornate palace tall,
With marble pillars and with marble wall,
And windows formed of glass so large and
clear,
The panes seemed like the lucid atmosphere.

XXV

I paused a moment while the crowds went
by,

And through the windows gazed with wist-
ful eye;

The walls were splendid with their paint and
gold,

The couches fit for Sybarites of old;

The floor was bright and soft with velvet
woof,

And flowery fresco ran all o'er the roof.

A radiance delicate, from globes of glass,

Fell soft as sunlight on the emerald grass.

I found me next in a majestic store,

Where Earth had sent her wares from every
shore.

XXVI

Ah, then I walked the crowded streets alone,
Where barren walls, and earth o'erlaid with
stone,
Shut out from all beneath, the breath of life;
And watched the constant hosts, the busy
strife;
The strange and eager glimpses of delights
That poverty forbade; the brilliant nights;
The ceaseless throngs that came from far
and wide;
The favored few, the great defeated tide
Of hopeless women and of weary men,
Who striving fail—to strive and fail again.

XXVII

Alone I wandered through the busy street,
Where streaks of sky looked down my eye to
greet;
The surging throngs poured by in constant
change;
No friendly glance met mine—each face was
strange.
I felt the pulse of life, its joy, its woe,
As aimlessly I wandered to and fro.
The moving crowds like pictures came and
went;
They did not halt—each on some purpose
bent;

For me they all seemed blind and deaf and dumb ;
Ah me ! my heart grew cold and strangely numb.

XXVIII

And when at night the streets all burst in bloom
With shifting lights that emphasized the gloom,
The multitudes, in endless quest, moved on,
In search of pleasure till the night was gone—
Or till, deep in the night, by sleep oppressed,
When midnight yawned, they sought a little rest ;
Surrounded by grim shapes in brick or stone,
I like an eagle wandered, still alone ;
Or like a sailor lost upon the sea,
I pierced the dark, to greet but Memory.

XXIX

To sound the depths of human misery,
I visited the penitentiary,
The criminal court, the city's darkest slum,
And where mid lights of crimson color come
The followers of Bacchus and of her
Whose ways are death ; the foolish wor-
shipper

Of Venus, and the heartless hardened soul
Who takes in rents or petty fines his toll
That vice may flourish; met the devotee
Of Mammon, darker than the debauchee.

XXX

As I went forth, nor tarried as a guest,
I did not fear to touch the worst or best;
I went like Raleigh on a thankless mission,
Told men who ruled their purpose was ambition;
I told the courts they glowed like rotten
wood,
The church it showed the good, but did not
good,
The doctors that their skill was but pretension,
Called charity but show, and law contention;
Informed the schools they wanted in profoundness,
And held the arts lacked both in charm and
soundness.

XXXI

I learned—not in the schools of borrowed
knowledge—
In halls of grief, in sorrow's classic college.
I met with courage that cannot avail,
Afar from war's dire dread, its rage and
hail;

I've known the longing that cannot attain;
The love that ne'er forgets, and loves in
vain;
I bade farewell to hope in blindness set,
And turned my back on joys remembered
yet;
And thus became the bosom friend of woe—
To know; alas, not knowing how to know.

XXXII

Self-pity is pathetic; O the heart
That lives a life so lonely and apart!
The feet of earth that climb to summit goals
Must climb alone; and always lonesome
souls
Walk with the multitude, unseen, unheard,
Of any comprehended look or word.
Amid the din and roar, if they could know
Of one who understands 'twould comfort so;
But Prejudice, both in and out of season,
Can, at one stroke, slay Sympathy and
Reason.

XXXIII

Long had I borne with envy, hate and sorrow,
And dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow;
I longed within the dearest arms to rest
The weary head upon the loving breast;

The love and joy in those pure orbs to see—
The vision was too fair, it could not be;
The parting came, the eyes with sorrow
 wet;
Thus evermore the rose with thorns is set;
It is the bitterness of life's long story,
Poor heart that dwelt at first in dreams of
 glory.

XXXIV

Spring's blossoms fade when they have
 spent their day
And scatter till the vine is bare and gray;
The fairest cheek with youth's effulgent
 glow
Must wither and grow pale, youth's tri-
 umphs go;
The passing years leave scars their path to
 trace;
But I can always see one lovely face
Just as in youthful days it used to be;
Then it was fair—still it is fair to me;
I'll cherish it till angels call me, too,
With ecstasy forever fond and true.

XXXV

And oft as I go walking in the woods
Alone, companion of all solitudes,
I take with me one thought, the thought of
 her—

I almost see her image in the air.
And when I fall asleep at night I pray
The powers to bring her back to me some
day;
Oft in the afternoon when all is still
When sunshine sleeps or loiters on the hill,
I seem to hear the sound of one who creeps,
And then I hear the voice of one who weeps.

XXXVI

I've dreamed of faces that cannot be seen
Except in dreams—the dreams that lie be-
tween
The waking and the sleeping—and the
waking,
Which cast the foolish heart into fresh
breaking—
Imagining the heart a fertile plain
Where flowers spring up to bear the fruit of
pain;
I've dreamed that I might kiss those eyes—
in truth
Called back the well-beloved morn of youth,
Time when my heart was in the snare of
love,
But woke—the noonday sun was bright
above.

XXXVII

I dreamed the fates left in my path an heir;
I thought to make his life a poem rare,

Replete with noble thought and lofty aim,
And crown him with the coronet of fame.
I meant to show him wisdom's fairy bowers ;
I should have deemed most blest the happy
 hours,
And sweeter than all luxuries to prize
His confidence, the love-light in his eyes.
Alas ! so swiftly time its changes brings—
I woke to find that dream had taken wings.

XXXVIII

Again I dreamed that fate had brought an
 heir,
And she was young and innocent and fair ;
A glinting gold of wayward witching curl
Enshrined the laughing face of the young
 girl.
She sang and smiled, and dancing down the
 street
With small feet flying, cheeks aglow, to
 meet
Her sire, to give or take some sweet sur-
 prise—
But as the mirth shone in her hazel eyes
With lingering petulance of baby ways,
All vanished with the dreams of other days.

XXXIX

I've stood and viewed the billows rushing
 on,
Wild beings seeking peace forever gone,

The breakers beating like an eagle's plume
'Gainst prison bars in restless, hopeless
gloom;

Watched pensively barefooted children play,
Their faces like their joys so fresh and gay,
Free from regret for perished days of yore
Ere storms shall thunder: Fled forever-
more!

And as the white-winged sails fled far
away,
I've longed on snowier wings to leave this
clay.

XL

Again I heard the old heart-breaking call
Of distances, fair fates that elsewhere fall,
And journeyed east on to the farthest west,
To where the sun leaves all the world to
rest;

Saw turquoise seas curve rippling round the
bays,

And mountains melt and swim in opal haze,
Or veil their heads in amethystine snow;
War's desolations, far-off pagan's woe;—
An eagle in whose fierce and lonely heart
The beauty nor the pathos had a part.

XLI

I walked, a pilgrim, through the desert
dreary

And oft by strangers' tombs have lingered
weary—
Since grown a stranger to my native ways—
Or watched their bones lit by the lightning's
blaze,
Lone wanderers whose skeletons were whit-
ened,
And envied those whose dying hours were
lightened
By friendly hands or fanned by native air ;
(I, too, might leave my frame I knew not
where.)
Thus loving home, chagrined, dismayed, I
found
My boat was steered the whole wide world
around.

XLII

Thus had I traveled o'er a barren earth
In search of good—in quest of real worth ;
Had sought for Pleasure—an elusive dream
That hovered over me and oft did seem
Within my grasp, escaping from my hand ;
I chased it over wastes of burning sand ;
Like a mirage it led me wearily
To desert lands and left me there to die ;
Then, as the sun poured down his scorching
ray,
My steps were led along another way.

XLIII

I left my native land again and sought
For Rest in solitudes of climes untaught;
I crossed Eurasian lands from sea to sea,
And stemmed the ocean's billows bold and
free;

Upon the banks of Amazon's broad stream
I sat as though enraptured in a dream;
There walked about within the forest shade,
And in the verdant wild a home I made;
But pain still made its home within my
breast

And still I sought, but vainly sought, for
Rest.

XLIV

With weary toil I traced the winding streams
Through rock defiles as wild as sculptured
dreams;

Forsaken beds where ancient streams had
run;

Through oozy swamps where slimy rain-
bows shone;

O'er massive boulders humped with age;
o'er dead

Volcanic soils that crackled 'neath my tread;
Where dangers lurked and naked horrors
frowned;

And I have traveled far beyond the sound
Of living thing, where sad winds found no
stone

On parched plain to whet their breath
upon.

XLV

Oft I have watched the wild Atlantic's roar
From where I stood on Afric's barren
shore;

And often viewed those parched plains afar
Beyond which sets the lonely Southern Star.
I once, like Crusoe, found a little isle
On which I made myself a lone exile,
And there refused to look upon the past,
Swept from my mind each memory but the
last;

Filled with despair, at length I sought the
home
From which my footsteps foolishly did roam.

XLVI

I wandered back to scenes of early boy-
hood;

Again I rambled through the pathless wood;
Amid the sounds of bells on distant hills
I heard the katydids and whippoorwills,
The deep basso-profundo of the frogs;
While seated on the old familiar logs—
Just as long years ago I used to be—
I watched the squirrels jump from tree to
tree,

And saw the graceful curves of chimney
swallow

And heard the wise old owl in Sleepy
Hollow.

XLVII

And as I listened to the harmony
So weird and wild, a vision rose to me:
I thought that I was but a boy once more
And played again about my father's door.
How little knew that boy that far-off time
The depths to delve, the dizzy heights to
climb!
To climb the mount of wealth whereon he
died,
Upon its cross of gold be crucified!
To rise; to seek the pearl of fame for years,
To find it hidden neath a sea of tears!

XLVIII

To dive into the ocean depths of Form,
Hoping to find a perfect pearl, the charm
Of Formlessness; or to the surface bring
Those priceless pearls of which I still would
sing:
Courage that bids the timid world be bold,
And Love that rides all tempests uncon-
trolled;
Yet not the courage of the brilliant dash,
Nor love expiring with a moment's flash,
But loving courage striving for the goal,
Courageous love abiding in the soul.

XLIX

Bereft of hope and yet without a fear,
Scorning a smile, yet scoffing at a tear,
Despising what was near, I traveled far,
And visited the scenes of foreign war;
I trod the shores of many an alien land;
Trifled, alas, with many a virgin's hand;
And still the ocean was my only love—
Upon its boundless billows I did rove;
For who was there at home to cheer my
 heart,
Where only censure hurled its heedless dart?

L

The flowers that bloomed so sweet in earlier
 years,
Have faded now; no gem of spring appears.
Yet oft I tread youth's pathway as of yore,
But waking, find those flowers bloom no
 more.
If on those early plants there had been shed
Some kindred spirit's tears, no charm had
 fled;
In bright profusion round my path each day
They would have smiled beneath the sum-
 mer's ray.
Thus early loss oft nips the buds of spring,
Turns gold to dross, and clips the untried
 wing.

CHAPTER II

I

I roamed o'er land and sea in dark despair,
And cursed all nature, all infinitude;
Those curses did rebound upon my soul.
A storm unprecedented set its strength
Against my feeble craft. The winds ne'er
howled
So loudly, and the waves ne'er tossed so
high
Or leaped so furiously against the sky;
The skies repulsed the charge with bolts of
fire,
Which sank my boat a wreck among the
waves
Upon whose heaving waters I did drift.

II

The fury of the tempest quelled its fright
As mountain blasts misspent their force in
rage.
Air slumbered; wave with cloud no longer
strove.
My strength was gone and gloom encircled
me.
A Thing-of-Light flamed in the far-off skies,

And broke the darkness of my gale-born
couch;
A brooding tempest swept me from the seas;
The cloud became my pillow, and the breeze
Again was my enchantress wafting me
To shore—aye, to this lofty eminence.

III

Alone here in the wilds and mountains, I
Have hunted wandering and wonderingly
Till I possessed the origin of things—
The good of earth and sun, a million suns;
Till I no longer looked through others' eyes,
No longer fed on specters found in books;
I understood the courage of all times,
And suffering; the calmness and disdain
Of martyrs, witches, felons, who have been
Burned or condemned, as innocent as
heaven.

IV

Thus I have learned to solve life's lowly
stage,
The substance of this life's epitome;
To penetrate the mystery of the past,
And pierce the dense bewildering gloom of
now,
Survey with searchful glance the things to
come,
And view the varied scenes of mortal life;

Thus I behold the kingdoms of this world,
Their provinces and subjects manifold,
In outline, magnitude, relationship
And order—one complete harmonious whole.

V

A near me lies the field, the grove, the chase,
The camp, the court, the crown—the incidents

Of time—all physical and social realms;
Beyond, a sea o'er-swept by winds and wings;

By thoughts, emotions, acts—vast multitudes;

Afar above these weary ways, a sky,
A widening heaven, majestic realm whose breath

Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.

No question palter of horizons dim—
Beyond time's boundary the rest is Rest.

VI

The ranks of living things before me pass,
And I have learned to know my brothers all
In air and water and the silent wood;
I gaze upon them as on old-time friends,
And knowing them I know (almost) myself.
Within my breast the secret of this life,
The deep, mysterious miracle unfolds;

Around me float from every precipice
The silvery phantoms of the ages past
To temper the austere delight of thought.

VII

Thus I have reached the heights from
whence I may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey;
And with an eye unbiased I looked down
Upon the storms of passion, power renown;
And view these lower regions of turmoil,
As only gay afflictions, golden toil.
I look upon the mightiest monarchs' wars
As robberies, as murders that they are,
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Is right—although the wrong is least that
fails.

VIII

The storms of sad confusion, strife that
rages
Within the present for the coming ages
Appall me not; I take no part at all;
I know the worst that can to man befall;
Although I pity imbecility,
Affliction and distressed mortality,
While seeing that the course of things must
run,
I look on all as if already done;

Man builds on blood, and rises by distress—
I view it all as from the shores of peace.

IX

And neither fear nor hope can shake the
frame
Of settled peace, nor wrong disturb the
same.

Thus I have learned to muse on many things
That to the mind transcendant quiet brings;
While some men gold and gain their god
may deem,

And others fame the greatest good esteem,
Still others hold that not renown or wealth
Can be compared to ease and perfect health,
I've learned how none of these nor all of
this,

Can without peace of mind bring happiness.

X

While others wail in scorn or mourn in ruth,
The shipwreck of an ill-adventured youth,
Put Yesterday upon the back of Morrow,
To add new griefs, to aggravate the sor-
row—

The clouds of many yesterdays are vain
To bring to-day a single drop of rain.
Lo, hear a prophecy from days primeval:
Sufficient for the day shall be the evil;
To which I add that even present pain

Is nought, nor need one heed the world's
disdain.

XI

No evils of the past can I undo,
But I must do what I was born to do;
Vast is theater and vast the skill,
But in the scene my part I must fulfill.
Though some rate goodness by the praise
they find,
As virtue were a servant of the mind,
And set to vulgar air their servile song,
And could not live if praise had not a tongue,
I live my life, nor condemnation fear
Though errors of my youth in all appear.

XII

I live my life in my own simple way,
Calm and serene when clouds shut out the
day;
I ask no boon of fate, no gift of God,
Nor bend in grief beneath the chastening
rod;
I scorn to reap where other hands have
sown,
Desire no riches that are not my own;
No friendship seek unearned by power to
bless,
Nor love I cannot win by worthiness;
Thus I possess the privilege resplendant,
And glorious of being independent.

XIII

I've tasted toil, and joy that triumph brings;
I've dwelt with tribes and sat at board with
Kings;
But whether to a hall or tent I came,
Friendly to all my welcome was the same;
In northern blasts, in heat of desert sun,
I found where 'er I strayed that Life is one;
Amid the clatter and the chatter and the
strife,
The babble and the turmoil men call life,
The Soul, through changing scenes I've
found the same;
Thus I have learned to call the Soul by
name.

XIV

Yet life hath charms of which I cannot
boast;
I have been voyaging along the coast,
Like some poor ever-roving pirate crew,
In their rank, narrow ship, who never knew
Aught of the mainland, save the barren
strand
Of unfrequented bays where they may land
In safety; inland vales the coast conceals,
The fair and exquisite the earth reveals,
Unknown in their rude voyage; yet in this
Have missed perhaps no satisfying bliss.

XV

Life holds unmeasured and immortal glories,
Immortal and unmeasured sanctities:
The sun and moon, the stars and western
 skies,
The ripe June day in which deep wonder
 lies,
The mood of autumn, and the rippling rain,
The passion that makes no moment in vain.
'Tis strange, most passing strange, this gift
 of breath,
Of life, yet stranger far than life or death,
Than all the pageant of the earth and sea,
Is love divine, the soul's great mystery.

XVI

How happy were those days, so short a
 space
When I could catch a glimpse of One Bright
 Face;
When on some cloud or flower I could gaze,
And in their shadows see eternities.
Ah! then I felt through all this fleshly dress
The verdant shoots of everlastingness.
And now, time-tired, I long to travel back,
And tread again the bright immortal track—
See mysteries that lie beyond the dust,
And wear again the jewels of the just.

XVII

The flying hours of my past life are gone,

Its dreams now live in memory alone;
The time that is to come is time that's not;
The present moment, then, is all my lot.
This moment true, talk not of broken vows;
The present time is all that heaven allows.
There was a time which I remember well,
When in the past and future I did dwell,
And bore the burdens of humanity—
When ah, the meanest thing might master
me.

XVIII

My hand upon the plow, my faltering hand
Found naught in front of me but untilled
land,
A wilderness and solitary place,
The lonely desert and its interspace;
Dread husbandry; and for these years of
pain
What harvest comes to me? What meed of
grain?
No gold of gain, no pleasurings soft-shod—
And unblazed trail of tears my feet have
trod.
My soul through many waters has been
tried;
Mine is the peace that comes to those denied.

XIX

I've wondered how the sun e'er thought it
worth

His while to send his beams upon the earth—
This home of plants and animals, this kind
Of tabernacle for the human mind;
I've looked upon the moon remembering
How I once called it but a barren thing,
A worn-out world, for so I named it then,
Yet far more wise than to give life to men;
Still I behold the smile of mother earth,
The glory and the gladness of our birth.

XX

I'll take the gifts my mother gives and
smile—

Her gifts if small and for a little while;
Her last gift, Rest, is long; when I am gone,
Her mountains are my monuments of stone;
The cattle on her hills will still be grazing,
The small red wild-flower in the grass be
blazing;

The sun still sink into the western sea,
The moon still glimmer o'er the eastern bay.
What credit shall I have when life is ended
For anything accomplished howe'er splendid?

XXI

Perhaps long leagues of land, long leagues
of wave,
Shall lie between my cradle and my grave;
And none behold the tomb with tear or
sigh

Where I shall rest beneath an alien sky,
Yet mother earth, my mother, still my own,
Will make my lonely tomb a laureled throne;
The old familiar voices I shall hear,
The meadow-lark, and other kindred dear;
And back again in old days it will seem—
For life is real, and death is but a dream.

XXII

For myriads of centuries the earth
Had longed for life; to give to life its birth;
To nourish it till it had greater grown
Than anything the earth had ever known.
No tongues had seas, no languages the
sands;
Earth yearned for these, for brains and lips
and hands—
For brains to think mid her gropings and
needs;
For hands to fashion her love into deeds;
For lips her splendors to express in speech—
For souls to rise great thoughts and deeds
to reach.

XXIII

Poor creatures pitiful spawned in the sea,
And on the hills; far greater yet to be,
They thrived, they grew, some with life-
splendor fresh,
Some make-shift feet, a touch of feeling
flesh:

Earth aged for ages and strange children
walked
The radiant hills ; and in strange ways they
talked ;
Earth's poor dim children ; then with grow-
ing might,
Earth caught a fire from some selectial
height,
And having reached at last her top-most
span,
Held on her breast the miracle called man.

XXIV

Thus earth's long ages have been piled, and
told
In countless centuries. You say that I am
old,
That my gray hairs and face's wrinkled lines
Show how my youth is passed, my life de-
clines—
Now past its zenith, growing less and less,
'Twill turn to dreams, and then forgetful-
ness ;
'Tis true ; the sun is not so old as I,
Nor the green earth on which I softly lie,
For in my bosom dwells eternity ;
I am a drop of life's immortal sea.

XXV

Brief is this life, yet I have wandered far
That I might see what my possessions are ;

Bent on beholding what it is I own,
Each hour unfolding has more priceless
grown;

Yet as I watch the caravan of years
Creep by, I cry with mingled hopes and
fears;

O Earth, reach hands to help! I walk the
shore

Of some black ocean, pitiless, and o'er
Its waters soon I shall be swept away—
Upon its waves to wait the light of day.

XXVI

A little while the myrtle and the rose;
A little while and then the winter snows;
A little while to sing, to love and linger,
Then silence falls on both the song and
singer.

From our desires the gods exalt our lives—
We dream that bloom and passion still sur-
vives;

The heart in twilight seeks its dead again
To gild with love—ah, does it seek in vain?
Still mounts the hope, still broods the dull
distrust;

Which shall prevail, the vision or the dust?

XXVII

Gone are the youthful days of poetry;
Romance with mystery has passed away;

A narrow science, cold and hard and dry,
Has chased the lovely rainbows from our
sky ;
And crushes out the soul of man which
seems
Just one of man's fair pre-historic dreams—
All gone, if this the scientific view
Prevails, and science must of course be true.
Yet science might, if it were understood,
Bring back the things for which e'en fairies
stood.

XXVIII

How vainly learning trifles with the vast
Unknown of ages ! ghost-like from the past,
Dim shadows flit along the streams of time ;
And as in seances or wizards' rime,
We ask the dead about the days gone by,
And living voices rise to make reply ;
Voiceless and wan we question them in
vain ;
We wave the wand ; they live, they breathe
again ;
They leave unsolved life's mighty yesterday,
But as we live, so lived and so loved they.

XXIX

The vast dim unrecorded past is fled ;
What word comes from the unreturning
dead

To tell us if they once were such as we—
To tell us whether now at all they be?
No word; but in the night hope sees a star
And listening love hears rustling wings
afar,
And reason points, with recollections back,
Or forward on the soul's immortal track;
And faith, transcending hope and memory,
Relies on surer words of prophecy.

XXX

Poor soul that takest thy flight I know not
whither,
Must you and I no longer live together?
Poor body, lie neglected and forgot,
When I have gone to meet—I know not
what?
Sometimes with humorous vein in pleasing
folly,
More oft with wavering, pensive melan-
choly,
I dread yet hope that we may meet again;
I hope yet fear that all my hopes are vain;
But if of that bright hope my soul be shorn,
Ah, sure 'twere better I had not been born.

XXXI

When fond desire at last and fond regret
Go hand in hand to death, shall I forget?
If memory all earthly ills retain

What balm can heal the unforgotten pain?
Oh, shall there in the golden air be blown
The incense of some sweeter grace unknown,
The petals of some flowering amulet,
Enabling one remembering to forget?
Is there some charm to give the magic choice
To hear, or close the ear to memory's voice.

XXXII

My life is gliding downward day by day
Through canyons to the plains of far-away;
While time is running through the years-to-be,
Past voice's call, aye, still will call to me;
I hear the roar where rapids foam and tear
And smell the upland balsam-laden air;
I'll dream I am riding down yon woody vale
With burro and its burden on the trail;
See waving fields of grain from sky to sky—
When life's last, best and sweetest have
past by.

XXXIII

In forest-aisles, in mountains grim and vast,
The shadowy forms from out the misty past,
The old familiar faces, how they crowd,
Like ghosts with life forever more endowed!
With them I sit beside the camp-fire's glow;

Watch God's white silence in the falling
snow;
Hear them discourse, through good or evil
fame,
Of faithful love unknowing selfish aim;
These are my partners in world-storm and
stress,
Their friendships pure that grow not faint or
less.

XXXIV

What shall an old man worn and weary say,
What fitting tribute shall the living pay
The mighty dead who lived in other years?
What praise ere the eternal twilight nears
When he with them shall grope with parted
hands
The dim unknown, illimitable lands?
No biased word befits the splendid dead,
No partial praise; let me with bended head
Stand still in awe, then write with tear-
blurred scrawl
Beneath their names, "I love and reverence
all."

XXXV

Some I have known, the loveliest and the
best,
Have one by one crept silently to rest.
Soon I shall reach the shadow-house whose
portals

Lead to the luminous land of the immortals,
To which amid alternate hopes and fears
Have gone my comrades of six thousand
years.

The moon I've seen so often wax and wane
Shall look for me but she shall look in vain;
Yon sun greet me no more with smiles so
splendid—

Then darkness, days of mourning, shall be
ended.

XXXVI

As darkness spreads and fades the evening
light,

I look complacently upon the night.

Man bent on evil, darkness views with awe,
And trembles 'neath the eye of night, the
law.

No torch though lit from heaven the blind
illumes;

Man is the terror that the land consumes,
And most to dread when mad with social
error,

He rules with worse than tyrant's power and
terror—

Then virtue flees pursued by vice, in awe,
And universal crime becomes the law.

XXXVII

When with its wiles, the world my heart
perplexes,

I view the stars whom pride nor passion
vexes;

When treachery my heart to fury lashes
I think how soon we shall be dust and ashes;
I say to foes: Let strife between us cease;
Death is our lot—'twixt comrades should be
peace.

I seek no brother's sins my robe to whiten—
To dim another's fame no crown will
brighten.

Do right, and let the world say what it
pleases;

All loads of blame a quiet conscience eases.

XXXVIII

Loving the truth, I sought to paint earth's
woes,

Sometimes in words like modern shredded
prose,

Or in prose-rhyme, prose-poems or free
verse;

I took the platform, and was not averse
To standing in the pulpit, at the bar,
Or on the stump, to paint things as they
are;

'Tis strange how many will themselves de-
ceive,

What multitudes the false alone believe—

Or, was it I that failed so signally
O'er Error's shoulder Truth's fair face to
see?

XXXIX

I've softly trodden with intrusive step
The empty haunts of swirling crowds; I've
 wept
With others' grief, their sadness and their
 tears,
In silent crypts of far-remembered years;
I've stood and listened in those marble
 halls,
Whose turbulence still echoed from the
 walls,
Whose stairways had been treadmills of despair,
Runways of greed, whose narrow passages
 were
The skirmish line of battles fought within,
Where many a hope had perished in the din.

XL

And there I heard the treacherous promise
 given,
As dark as hell in garb as bright as heaven;
With bribes of goodness, friendship, love, I
 saw
The tragedy of crime made into law.
The darker powers prevailing. Where are
 now
Those men who came, the dawn upon their
 brow?
The naked truth, alas, the record mars—

Forgot those holy dreams beneath the stars ;
At noonday caught in currents of despair,
Or sunk in stupor of prudential air.

XLI

Poor man, thy name, like mine, is Might-
have-been ;
Or else Too-late, No-more, or Ne'er-again ;
Unto thine ear thou holdst the dead sea-
shell
That echoes but one word, a faint farewell ;
And to thine eyes the glass, where that is
seen
Which had life's form and love's ; but on the
screen—
The once fair mirror broken by thy spell—
Thy shaken shadow is intolerable ;
Thy dearest friends behold with dull sur-
prise,
Then turn away with cold, averted eyes.

XLII

With pain and penury, what ills await !
Death is the refuge from storms of fate ;
Night with her specters wan and sickly
dews,
The night of time, will pass. The heavenly
muse
Strives not in vain to break the twilight
gloom,

And comfort me as through these shades I
 roam.

Some words of mine, to sacred muses owed,
Might others too have cheered in dull abode;
And savage youths afar might oft repeat
To dusky maids my numbers wild and sweet.

XLIII

Mine was the spirit of delicious song;
To me as of true right did once belong
The myriads of music notes that swell
From poet's lute, or from the breathing
 shell.

At mention of the Muse my heart still
 springs

Up to my lips as if 'twere borne on wings;
As if suggestion of the name had brought
Back snatches of the old inspired thought,
When melodies accompanied each word,
Like martial notes from distant hilltops
 heard.

XLIV

Then, when I sang of Nature's lovely face,
How lines would rise touched with her own
 sweet grace!

If 'twere to sing of some bright garden
 scene,

There, though unknown, the minstrel I had
 been;

And I could link the words of charmed
power
With each green leaf, and garland every
flower.
To sing of woman and her loveliness
Was ecstasy—I reveled to excess;
For I could catch all spells that can beguile
In dark, magnetic eye or rosy smile.

XLV

Whene'er I sang of love then some sweet
tale
Arose, like that told by the nightingale.
Was it some deed possessing a just claim
Upon the earth for high enduring fame,
Or those endearing, kindly feelings sent
But for the hearth and home; or sweet content,
Of lofty thought, or counsel of the sage—
All these might have been found upon my
page;
To me thus bounteously did once belong
The Muse's gift the spirit of sweet song.

XLVI

Then, in the gardens of the gods I walked,
And face to face with heavenly muses
talked;
I gathered sweets from every flower bright,
And beauties from ten thousand fields of
light,

And caught the music of the far-off spheres—
Oh, there was music, music everywhere,
Like some ethereal ocean broad and long,
Whose silver surf forever breaks in song;
With heaven's first-born upon each cloudy
pillow,
And anthems heard in every rolling billow.

XLVII

Now, in the desert, or the crowded street,
Fragments of song come floating incomplete,
The words half-lost in chasms where traffic
roared—
Their melodies still piercing like a sword;
Forgotten sorrows haunt each vagrant
strain,
Like ghosts of paupers from the fields of
pain;
And wraiths of passion of the yesteryears,
As sweet as kisses and as sad as tears,
Now rise, to vanish, baffling, half-revealed,
As pangs of flesh still tell of wounds long
healed.

XLVIII

Long, in this veil, I've sought again to find
The soul of beauty, universal mind,
The god, the holy ghost, atoning lord,
Eternal presence—never yet explored;

Gone down full many a windy midnight
lane,
Pressed in blind hope some lighted window-
pane;
And I have knocked at many a musty door,
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor;
In vain; still sometimes when the moon is
full
I hear strange tunes played by the Beau-
tiful.

XLIX

I hear the music, and I cannot sleep;
The voices sobbing in the dark, and weep;
The waters still are wailing far-away,
And moan together at the break of day;
The forests trumpet on with all their might;
The winds tempestuous throughout the
night
Are like the chanting of a mighty hymn
Across the steppes or in the forests dim;
And in it all I hear the echo yet—
Things I no more can utter nor forget.

L

If I could come again to the dear place
Where once I talked with Beauty face to
face;
If, as I stood and gazed among the leaves,
Saw the red herdsman gather up his sheaves,

Or brimming waters tremble on the shore—
If she appeared again as once before
In that old time before I learned to speak,
And leaned to me with color in the cheek,
And love on lips, the joy would make me
 wise,
And I should know all things, all mysteries.

CHAPTER III

I

I had been born one of Apollo's heirs,
And sacred muses challenged me as theirs,
And princes might my melodies have sung,
My flowing verses read in every tongue;
And little children when they learned to go,
By gentle mothers guided to and fro,
Might have been taught my numbers to rehearse
And lovers' lips been sweetened by my verse;
Ah, well, though heaven does the best it can,
How could it put an angel into man?

II

Great heaven, whose beams the greater
world do light—
Shines in our little world to inward sight,
Whose radiance though hid by earthly
shades
Dispels the night but in our darkness fades—
Oh! still inspire the burden of my song
And teach me still what travails do belong
To earthly life, a short but tedious space—

O kindly light still guide my panting pace
Till I my lost inheritance o'ertake,
And heaven win, the world at last forsake!

III

But why vex heaven with my bootless cries
When in disgrace of fortune or men's eyes?
Or why should I my outcast state bemoan,
Or curse my fate when I am all alone?
Or wish that I might be more rich in hope,
Desiring one man's art, another's scope—
With what I most enjoy contented least?
Does not the sun unseen from out the east
Triumphantly above the tempests ride?
Do not the clouds but for the moment hide?

IV

Though solitary I am not alone;
Far from the clamorous crowd I live my
 own;
Oh, how more sweet the birds' harmonious
 note
Than those that flow from grandest organ's
 throat!
More soft the sobbings of the widowed
 dove
Than whisperings that evil do approve
And good make doubtful. Sweet the
 zephyr's breath
Compared to the applause that men be-
 queath.

The world is full of horrors, falsehoods,
slights;
Woods, silent shades, have only true de-
lights.

V

The glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and
ease
Of any state can outward senses please
Alone when inner senses of the mind
Are taught, untroubled and by peace re-
fined;
Great sorrows mingled with contents pre-
pare
The rest of soul that banishes all care;
Though riches flourish, yet they must de-
cay;
Though beauties shine, they too much pass
away;
Love reigns in life supreme, and yet what
art
Can find a balsam for a broken heart?

VI

I'm not ashamed of anything I've done;
I've gone my round, my changeless circuit
run;
Why bow my head at thought of something
mean
To cast a shadow on the quiet scene?

I'll stand erect and look straight on, and be
Fearless of all that in the light I'll see
When I have passed beyond the twilight
hill ;

I'll gather only what is kept from ill ;
In this the fullness of my hope and love,
I live, I sing, trust on, and look above.

VII

Mine is the spirit of the Universe ;
In solitude I oftentimes converse
With Wisdom, the eternity of thought,
That breath and everlasting motion brought
To forms and images ; I intertwine
The greater passions of the Soul with mine ;
In fellowship vouchsafed I recognize
The power to purify, uplift, make wise ;
To bear me up as if on eagle's wings
Above all mean to high, enduring things.

VIII

Through drudging moments of my daily toil
My soul is raised above the sordid soil ;
For like a bird my thought wings toward
the blue ;
Whate'er I'm doing I am dreaming, too ;
And as my thoughts go wandering afield,
Oh, what reward my rambling fancies yield !
And even pushed along the crowded street
By jostling throngs what visions joyous,
sweet

And loftier than vulgar words can tell,
Come to the heart where no mean thing can
dwell!

IX

The shadow on the ground points to the sun,
And frozen streamlets shall in summer run;
The jangling discord hints at harmony,
And widest deserts stretch toward the sea.
There is no lie but counterfeits the truth,
And love embraces hate as age does youth;
As sense and finiteness to soul give way,
So evil holds o'er good but seeming sway;
So is the soul, though poor to blinded eyes,
The heir to all the glories of the skies.

X

Soul-history in mystery abides;
Whence that strange fire that in the heart
resides,
That gives to life its earnest, serious air?
I've known its warmth, I've felt it other-
where;
I knew it ere I knew the guage of time;
I felt it in some far-off foreign clime;
Long since I met it in some distant place,
Before I wore the manacles of space;
Perhaps when in the heavenly house I trod
And lay upon the bosom of my God.

XI

Time carved in ivory and ebony—
Of day and night—is in the history
Of the eternal soul, a monument,
A momentary pause of dire portent,
Or of tremendous possibility,
The soul's memorial or its prophecy.
There is no greater happiness we know
Than solace for past sadness, and no woe
Like that remembrance brings of happier
 days—
Thus memory makes heaven or hell always.

XII

In all her mazes nature's face I viewed,
And where she disappeared my search pursued;
I've watched unfold the faint and dawning
 strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How lambient flames from life's bright
 lamps arise
And dart in emanations from the eyes;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Till with increasing penetration I
Might paint a thought, or photograph a
 sigh!

XIII

I understand the harmony between
The outward figure and the form unseen ;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfill,
And act at every summons of the will ;
How the dim speck of entity began
To change its form and stretch itself to
man.

Nor have I vainly sought the cause to find
How mind on body acts, reacts on mind ;
And I have seen, mysterious to descry,
These mighty facts in distant causes lie.

XIV

I see the light which makes the light of
day ;
That like the sun does with indifferent ray,
Within the palace and the cottage shine,
And show the soul by oracle divine.
The lamp through all the regions of the
brain

Doth shed such beams that I distinguish
plain

The soul of man, and with what ease I trace
Each subtle line of her immortal face !
And thus to view myself I did begin
To set my eye upon the light within.

XV

Hail to the inner light, the rising sun !
As mysteries that since the world begun

Have by these later times been brought to
light,
So that which still lies hid from mortal
sight—

The avenues by which the soul discerns
The outer world—of these man slowly
learns!

How they are interchangeable ; how light
May reach the inner ear, and how the sight
May catch unfailingly the spoken word
As other senses may be seen and heard.

XVI

What is man's mission in this world be-
low?

What is he sent here on the earth to do?
All through his life to scheme, to plot and
plan?

Is this the mission that is given man?
Is it to play, to think, to dress, to eat?
What is success that ends not in defeat?
If man be judged by skill of brain or hand,
Who shall find peace in that far-distant
land?

Who save the brilliant? If the good are
glad,
Then what shall be the fate of all the sad?

XVII

Is happiness humanity's great need?

Then what of mangled lives and hearts that
bleed?

Shall fame remain one's own unto the end,
Shine in the hand where shadows ne'er descend?

If so what meed for those shut from the
throne

Whose lives are struggles here, and deeds
unknown?

Man's mission on the earth—ah, who can
tell

What soul has served its plan and purpose
well?

Although man knows not what he's sent to
do,

He finds repose who struggles to be true.

XVIII

Life in its dawn reposes foul or fair
Beneath the mother-love's untiring care,
And rosy dreams in slumber's arms begin;
'Tis thus the cherished child is welcomed
in—

Sometimes mid sounds with merry music
rife,

More oft with discord and the voice of strife.
Then swift the years like arrows fly away;
No more with girls the boy delights to play;
He bounds, he storms through life's tumultuous
pleasures,

And with his pilgrim staff the wide world
measures.

XIX

Awearied with the wish to farther roam,
He stranger-like returns to father-home;
A vision breaks out of his native skies;
A virgin stands with shame before his eyes;
A new and nameless longing seizes him,
And tears before unknown his eyes bedim.
He seems to see the gates of heaven unfold,
With hope—the growth of life's first age of
gold,
And love—oh, that its transient bliss might
stay,
The whole year linger in the bloom of May!

XX

Beware! Take care before fore'er united,
That heart to heart flow in true love—de-
lighted;
Illusion is short-lived, repentance long
If hearts be falsely plighted, mated wrong.
Bring hither, then, with virgin wreath the
bride,
And to the feast invite from far and wide;
Make holiday—illusion's wings depart,
And life's sweet May forever leaves the
heart;
Now enter husband on the hostile life,

To wrestle, hunt down Fortune in the
strife.

XXI

Swift are the steps of Woe ; no mortal state
Can form a truce perpetual with Fate ;
Despairing, wearied out, man bows at length
To powers above, and Time's devouring
strength ;

With idle gaze, he sees their wrath con-
sume

His little all, submitting to his doom ;
With mingled hope and sorrow bends to
pray

That suns beyond the realm of finite day
May warm the seeds he buries in earth's
gloom,

And call them forth, and kiss them into
bloom.

XXII

Earth-life is but a sand upon the shore ;
Its voice the breath of breezes soon no more ;
From whence man came and whither he
shall go,

He thinks, he hopes—how can he surely
know ?

In all the progress won by mortal strife,
No one to solve the mystery of life
A step has taken ; here a little while,

A pendulum betwixt a tear and smile,
How soon the moment comes that ends it
all,
And others take our places, as we fall!

XXIII

For them the stars shall shine, the earth roll
on,
Just as they have for generations gone;
For them the harvest shall be gathered in,
The snow-flakes fill the air, flowers bloom
again;
And, like the life of man, the sun still rise,
Ascend in glory to the mid-day skies—
Rise out of darkness into morning light
And sink into the darkness of the night;
And, out of sight, is it not shining still,
And guided by a kind creator's will?

XXIV

If heaven takes note of every secret tear,
There is a hope for those who suffer here;
Else love were but a synonym for hate,
And providence but blind or cruel fate,
All justice but a tottering edifice
Without foundation in eternal grace.
But who shall say there is a recompense
For those who weep, beyond these scenes of
sense?
Can human reason with its wrangling strife?

Does nature teach the way, the truth, the
life?

XXV

Is man a weed that grows apace and dies,
A flower that withers in the sun's hot rays,
A tender plant nipped by untimely frost?
Or is he deathless as the universe,
To live, like gods, forever and for aye?
If pains and pleasures of the sense decay,
If love arrayed in mortal vesture must
Lose its immortal nature, turn to dust,
Can we then look beyond these fading
forms,
These crude creations, to eternal charms?

XXVI

Does death renew the pleasures life holds
dear—
The hues we gaze on and the tones we hear?
Shall faithful spouse rejoin remembered
love
In Paradise's fair Elysian grove?
Shall these material things all pass away
And man not perish like the flowers of May?
Shall we live on in boundless space alone
With all life's melody and beauty gone?
Shall all that mortal life is wont to cherish
Forever pass when mortal life shall perish?

XXVII

Blind creatures that we are! too blind to see
The kind of beings that we are to be
When we have passed beyond the golden
bars—

To shine like suns and scintillate like stars;
To be like him who came to earth to be
The great fore-runner of humanity,
The gentle guide and shepherd of mankind—
But ah! when there if we shall fail to find
All we have loved our pilgrimage along,
Shall we not feel that something has gone
wrong?

XXVIII

Why search the secrets of futurity
Since no one can unveil the mystery?
E'en when immersed in sin I did surmise,
Nor doubted, I should enter Paradise;
I who would not bow down to aught above
Submit with meekness to all-boundless love.
The kingdom of his love within must be
The badge of sonship, pledge of purity;
Its image is the object of mine eye,
The goal towards which I strive until I die.

XXIX

Upon the mirror of my soul I see
The silent shadow of the age to be;
The vision glimmering, my sight surveys

Through all life's thousand-fold entangled
maze—

Through countless means one solemn end is
shown,

To close life's labyrinth, a single throne.

The mingled melody of many songs

To one great song as golden links belongs,

To blend earth's music with God's harmony,

As rivers melt into the mighty sea.

XXX

Have I not marked earth's longest way
around?

Yet all my faith is linked to shores unfound.

Have I not seen how measureless the deep?

Of seas more vast I still the image keep.

No quest awaits, no world yet to explore;

But winds on hills, waves beating on the
shore,

Have voices calling far o'er lands and seas,

And whispering of stranger lands than these.

The golden light of stars, mysterious guide,

Veils with celestial beauty deeps they hide.

XXXI

No chart or compass, voice or touch of hand
I need to safely reach the Other Land;

For though it lies beyond the sea unknown,

Am I the first to cross the sea alone?—

Yet not alone, unmarked the way before
them,

If One well-known guided the bark that
bore them
As through the darkness and the storm they
sailed
When ties of sense and gravitation failed ;—
I'll float beyond the seas of time and space,
Equipped at last by his eternal grace.

XXXII

To one familiar with its history
Death has no terror and no mystery ;
It had, like other kings upon the earth,
Its origin, its parentage and birth,
And one could write its full biography,
Its short career, conquest and victory,
Its coronation, kingdom, dining-hall,
Its retinue of hired servants, all ;
And finally its death, its great defeat ;
Thus one could write the life of death complete.

XXXIII

But life lives on and death is not its end ;
I gaze upon the far-off stars that send
Their beams to light earth's darkened atmosphere,
And feel that my real home is there, not
here.
It must be that this deep and longing sense
Is prophecy—the soul in going hence,

In passing from this life to that to come
Will find in some bright star its promised
home ;
And that the Eden lost forever here,
Smiles welcoming from some celestial
sphere.

XXXIV

Now as I walk beside the billows rolling,
I say, O Lord, the ocean tides controlling,
Make me the shallows of my soul to see,
Lest greater evils still shall fall on me ;
And as I walk o'er plains that have no border,
My life seems fashioned on such narrow
order,
That with bowed head, and hands and heart
uplifted,
I cry: O thou who art supremely gifted,
Remove the bars, and break the encircling
chains,
And broaden me, and make me like thy
plains.

XXXV

An exile here I am, a wanderer
Into the wilds of nature ; places view
Not yet defiled by man the leveler ;
For man is leveler of man. No pew
I seek, to be imbued with purity ;

No school for loftier flights of intellect;
I look for these, and the Almighty see—
Where saints and doctors often least suspect—
Whose face is mirrored in each shape and hue
And tiniest flower that bloom along life's way.

XXXVI

I love to roam far into the Autumn woods
And view the charms of nature's solitudes;
I love the shaded brook which by me sings,
The home of birds and beasts, the vine which clings
To riven oak and shares its sad decline,
Or droops in sympathy with its repine.
I love the fields when they are seared and bare;
The slope of streams—oft sunset finds me there;
I love the gale when all is fled but hope;
Where'er I meet with beauty I must stop.

XXXVII

I love when lulling breezes stir, to lie
At noontide 'neath some shivering canopy;
Or wander mid the dark green fields of maize;
Or trace by-paths along their tangled ways

Where they by weeds and vines are over-
run,
And bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun;
Where undisturbed a myriad creatures rest
To sun their filmy wings and emerald vest;
And listen musingly the sultry day
And wonder what the chirping songsters
say.

XXXVIII

I often rove by some meandering stream
When setting sun sends out a crimson beam
And wandering clouds above his sea-couch
lie,
While here and there a star reopes its eye.
The insects gather home with evening ray
And feathered minstrels sing their evening
lay;
All seek their beds among the rustling trees,
Till morn, new-born, arises from the seas.
As night creeps onward how majestic seem
The spreading trees, the sweet and tranquil
stream!

XXXIX

And when o'er drowsy earth the night pre-
vails,
And calmly takes the mountains, hills and
dales;
Tired cattle sleep upon the grassy soil,

And e'en the bee forsakes her daily toil;
'Tis then I wander deep into the wood;
Or by the sea where sleep the finny brood;
Or watch the feathered tribe with drooping
wings;
Or insects when their hum no longer rings—
When all are free from wakeful joys or woes,
I study nature in its deep repose.

XL

I love to listen in the morning breeze
To gurgling brooks beneath the shade of
trees,
Read nature's books prepared for wished de-
lay,
And see the wakening charms of early day;
While every leaf that helps to make the
shade,
And every flower and every quivering blade,
Stoops, bowed beneath its diamond load of
dew.
Sometimes the meadow's pathway I pursue,
While glittering beads the ground and grass
illumine—
And watch their moisture sink in sweet per-
fume.

XLI

Sometimes on longer strolls I take my way
By field and forest through the livelong day,

Beneath the blue immeasurable calm
Whose airs breathe through me their reviv-
ing balm;
Flowers of all colors struggling in the glow
Melt into one harmonious concord; lo!
The path allures me on through pastoral
green;
All life sleeps in the sunlight's steady
sheen—
Save overhead I hear a stray lark sing;
E'en from the west no breeze the lulled airs
bring.

XLII

Anon the thicket rustles as I pass;
Waves in the rising winds the silvering
grass,
And their green coronals the alders bow;
The day's ambrosial night approaches now,
Cool-breathing; lost the gentler landscape's
bloom;
Deep woods close round me with mysterious
gloom.
Still through the trellis leaves at stolen
whiles;
Glints the stray beam, or meek the azure
smiles;
At length my own familiar hill is rounded;—
Before me still lies heaven's far-unbounded.

XLIII

'Tis thus I learn the secret of all life;
The very grass is with betrayal rife;
The whirr of grasshopper proclaims it all;
The scroll unrolls in curve of waterfall.
I only wonder since the secret's out,
Men fail to hear what heaven tells all about.
As nuts drop silently in listless wood
Where sound is swallowed up in solitude,
As thought unheeded must forever roam,
So revelation needs but find a home.

XLIV

I've wandered over hills before untrod
And learned to read the manuscripts of God.
For centuries, with fingers of the blind,
Men have been groping everywhere to find
What cryptograms and hieroglyphics mean;
The seen is evidence of the Unseen.
Dame Nature furnishes the magic key;
That makes me monarch of the world I see;
Her golden keys unlock earth's guarded
gates;
I step inside where sacred knowledge waits.

XLV

Oh, every stream that toward the ocean
flows
Is eloquence; and every wind that blows
Is music; every little bird that sings,

Or transient flower, a lasting message
brings,
Although the word be published unawares.
Each shape and sound has something which
it bears
For all; a spirit broods among the grass;
Outlines of thought in melting shadows
pass;
The touch of a mysterious presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

XLVI

The twitter of the swallow 'neath the eaves,
The glimmer of the light among the leaves,
Sometimes—I know not how or why or
whence—
Will penetrate the fibers of the sense,
And show us things the seers and sages saw
In the green earth's gray dawn; and it will
awe
The pulses into listening, and confer
Burdens of being on the listener,
And weights of revelation, and awake
Hushed souls and of them willing captives
make.

XLVII

To me the sight of yonder uncrowned tree
Is like a voice out of eternity;
Uncrowned—beheaded by the axe of time—

It stands there, scarred and sinuous, yet sublime.

For centuries its shimmering green leaves stirred

And caught the shadow of the passing bird;
Beheld from its proud vantage in the sun,
The daylight rise, and fall when day was done;

And ere on it befell time's blighting curse
It held all forces of the universe.

XLVIII

Behold a mystery when woods are green,
And wood-gods steal behind the trees unseen,

And a perpetual whispering strange and sweet,

Tells secrets which no mortal may repeat!
There's magic in the murmuring of the breeze

When winds blow o'er the weald through forest trees;

It is a hint, a message to the young
Who, following the sylvan song among
The wilds with Nature's mating lore afire,
The fair and strong may find their hearts' desire.

XLIX

Fall gentle rain, I love thy silver notes;
It is the music of the young birds' throats,

The fire and blood of the coming blossom,
The virgin laughter of the young earth's
bosom.

Oh, that I could with thee re-enter earth,
In loveliness and fragrance of thy mirth!
Pass through her heart and come again to
sun!

Out of her fertile dark to sing and run!
Take me, O Earth, and make what you will;
I feel my heart with mingled music thrill.

L

Fall golden leaf, our mother calls for you;
Aye, soon my name I'll hear her calling,
too.

Out of her heart you came the same as I,
Back to her bosom go without a sigh;
Into her heart she'll take her child again,
And by the crucible of wind and rain,
Out of her loving heart she will renew
Green leaves, when spring again comes call-
ing you—

When every branch is bannered gallantly;
So resurrection glory waits for me.

CHAPTER IV

I

Thus I had been a roamer and a rover,
Tramping and roistering the wide world
over;

Had sought for high adventure on the sea,
And lived a life tempestuous and free;
Had trekked my way to deserts all alone,
And passed beyond the world men called
their own.

To barren stretch where Age speaks not to
Age,
And felt the savage freedom naught could
cage;

Aye, frequented bazaars in Samarkand,
And harbors found forlorn in Fairyland.

II

Not mine had been the fears or hopes of
some

Who shun the world to dream on things to
come;

Though it is true that in my early youth
I looked askance and strangely on the
truth;

'Tis true I had gone here and there and
yonder,

Where absence only makes the heart grow
fonder ;
Most true it is that I had wandered far
From my true home where my affections
are ;
But who can say that I was false at heart,
Or that I did from rectitude depart?

III

I never voyaged with the motley crew—
Made old offences of affections new ;
Nor to do evil with the multitude,
Though oft I wished my nature were re-
newed.
My body as the servant of the soul,
Although not easily, I did control ;
Yet scorned to live upon my servant's loss
Or buy Heaven's bliss by selling earthly
dross ;
I would not harm, no matter why nor
whence,
A hair upon the head of innocence.

IV

I stood among the roses of the Spring,
And would not pluck or touch so fair a
thing
As those young buds so dewy and so white—
When morn was on the garden fresh and
bright.

I stood among the roses rich and red
In summer's noon; the morning winds had
fled.

A couch of petals one might freely make,
But not a tender bloom I dared to take;
I stood among the roses passed my reach,
With thirst of soul for which there is no
speech.

V

When Autumn's chill was on the dusk of eve
And Autumn's hues on each remaining leaf,
And Autumn's blooms were faint and very
few,

I went my way, remembering still their dew.
Soon, I may have roses on my breast;
But shall I know one flower from the rest,
In that wan realm to which I soon shall go?
Shall I then know, or shall I care to know,
The faithful rose within my marble hand,
With night o'erhead, and Winter on the
land?

VI

Praise, flattery, as ignorant as vain,
Embitters now my bitter cup of pain;
I mourn the loss by quest of truth pursued
In disregard of common brotherhood;
The subtle selfishness, the petty pride,
By which I put the busy world aside,

That I might seek an individual good,
In selfish, self-complacent, solitude;
Thus I have weakly failed to exercise
The greater truths in which I would be wise.

VII

All truth and wisdom moulders in the mind
That shuts itself away from human kind;
And piety, with ease of self-content,
Becomes at best a barren sentiment;
And e'en the bread of life is turned to stone
For him who hoards it for itself alone.
Oh, that all men might see, what late I saw,
That love, and only love, fulfills the law;
That they might shun the self-indulgent
mood
Of unconcern for men—for public good.

VIII

I would in loving kindness hear and heed
The plaintive cry of every human need;
I would protect the weak against the strong,
Uphold the right, and help to right the
wrong;
I would assuage life's miseries and pain,
If it were mine to live my life again.
More precious than the rarest, richest store,
Of either secular or sacred lore,
I would count worthy of all toil and strife
The small, the common interests of life.

IX

I'd war against the folly that is war,
The great delusion men have perished for.
I'd war for justice and for human right,
Against the lawless tyranny of might,
The futile sacrifice that naught has stayed,
The lie that has the souls of men betrayed;
My purpose Peace—not peace at any price—
For peace itself may be the greater vice;
In faith I'd war, humanity I'd trust,
For peace on earth, a lasting peace and just.

X

I'd neither haste nor rest, but calmly wait,
With resignation bear the storms of fate,
With Duty as my motto and my guide,
Resolved to do the right whate'er betide—
And what is duty but to never tire,
Be patient, sympathetic, tender, look
For budding flowers in every wayside nook;
To hope always like God, and always love—
But look for happiness alone above.

XI

I've ceased to care for praise or compliment;
Ah! me, the souls for whom my songs were
 meant
Have passed beyond life's duties and its
 dangers;
How, though they flatter, could I sing to
 strangers?

E'en by their cheers my heart would more be
 wrung ;

Better my harp henceforth remain unstrung.
Still doth the heart the old illusions treasure,
And well-loved faces haunt again my leisure,
And all that is now far away seems ban-
 ished,
And all is here that long ago had vanished.

XII

I feel the presence of the long ago ;
I move with measured footsteps soft and
 slow

Among the treasured things that used to be ;
I see a desk with rusty lock and key ;
I kneel beside it, open it with care,
And find a Book my mother gave me there ;
Its leaves are yellow with the passing years ;
It has the prints of kisses, or of tears.
I hear a murmur, or perhaps a sigh—
A phantom of the many years gone by.

XIII

I think of one who on a summer's day
Set forth with me upon the heart's highway ;
The land was sunshine, for I loved her so,
The whole world good—but that was long
 ago.

I think of her, now life's long task is o'er,
In summer silence by the vine-clad door ;

Now I am old, my eyes with tears are blind,
And, near my journey's end, I look behind—
Look back to her who on that summer day
Set forth with me but went not all the way.

XIV

Now I am tired of tears and tired of laughter,
Tired of past years and what may come hereafter;
An exile I have been upon the earth,
A lone and helpless wanderer from birth,
A sojourner as all my fathers were
With no abiding habitation here.
But I have memories engraven plain;
The thoughts of God; and visions not in vain,
Sweet pictures, if my life had been spent well,
Of Heaven where my soul should ever dwell.

XV

I chose the world, wise in my own conceit;
To paths of sin I set my wayward feet,
And smirched my lips with scarlet wine of lust;
And I became an alien to the just.
But see my flesh with scourgings cut and scarred;
And see my face with tears and sorrow marred;

And see my frame with fastings weak and
thin—

Ah, see my soul burnt white and clean of
sin!

Although an outcast, damned and spit upon,
Still washed, made white in blood of Christ
the Son.

XVI

And yet, O God! I dreamed a dream last
night

When I sought rest awhile, before the light
Should bring new trials—looked down into
Hell,

That I once more might serve my Maker
well;

I thought the cursed souls in pain to see,
But as I slept I seemed there to be;

I saw the place with blood-red flames
alight;

And then there burst upon my eyes a sight
That turned to lead the marrow in my
bones:

I saw the damned and heard their shrieks
and groans!

XVII

'Tis time to go; God bless this place and
day!

Down yonder lane is where I used to stray

To tend the cattle on the pasture hill;
How fair and sweet it is, how lovely still!
Fair is the earth and fair is God in heaven,
Since Jesus' birth, a savior to us given.
Fair is the pilgrim pathway of the soul
Through the fair earth on to the heavenly
goal.

Races of men have come and passed away—
But God still lives and earth is fair to-day.

XVIII

Ere you depart to you I would relate
One strange experience, nor overstate,
The awful sight that on my vision fell
One Christmas eve beside a far-famed well.
Not in experience of life 'twas found,
But that mysterious realm that lies beyond—
The land where angels dwell in joyous state
And regions where lost souls bemoan their
fate;

I know the joy of being Overthere;
I've felt the agony of dark despair.

XIX

Oh, how shall I, this faltering tongue of
mine,
Tell of the Night or how real Day doth
shine!
The darkest night that here on earth we
know

Is radiance compared to that below;
How welcome are these brilliant drops of
light—

Up there the oceans roll in splendor bright.
'Twas in the morn of these my mortal years
When I began, with mingled hopes and
fears,
To find a spacious room 'twas said to have,
The exploration of a gloomy cave.

XX

If deep and dewy luster of the eyes,
Fringed with dark silky lashes, one may
prize—

Red lips, rose cheeks, and softly rounded
chin

Can capture one—see how I did begin
My search into that deepest cave of earth.
Although it was perhaps in foolish mirth
That with enthralling smiles my host had
said:

With this monotony I'm nearly dead;
If something real sensational you'll do,
Something that's thrilling, I will visit you.

XXI

I promised, and I planned a midnight fête
Among the ghostly stalagmites to greet
My lovely guest. An incident occurred—
Not accident for that is not the word;

In the gigantic drama we call life
Each act may have its niche with purpose
rife.

When thrice I'd visited that cavity,
A storm arose. Not in depravity
I watched and waited, where I had at least
The satisfaction of a sheltered beast.

XXII

A tree was shattered by the lightning's
plays,
A mighty roar amid the lurid blaze;
The sky became a flaming sheet of fire,
The timbers crashed, and with convulsions
dire,
Earth trembled; and with deadly terror, I
Felt in my soul my time had come to die.
I saw an avalanche of stone and dirt
Descend upon me feeling still no hurt;
The frenzied current swept me on with it
Into a new-formed pool beside a pit.

XXIII

At length there came a dim idea of sound,
Tumultuous motions of the heart, I found;
A quavering, a pause and all was blank;
And then, as into nothingness I sank,
With desperation I unclosed my eyes;—
My greatest fears were more than realized;
The blackness of the night encompassed me.

I started, trembled, struggling to be free ;
The ground was slippery ; I stumbled, fell,
But rose and stood beside the Wizard's
Well.

XXIV

Blood rushed in torrents to my heart as I
Beheld in thought, my mangled body lie
Down at the bottom of that stagnant well ;
Shaking with dread of which no tongue can
tell,
O'erwhelmed by gloomy thoughts, foreboding fears,
I fell upon my knees, burst into tears.
I then reviewed the vista of my life,
Its scenes of sorrow and its scenes of strife ;
As one before a monster stands aghast,
I stared bewildered at my sinful past.

XXV

A hooded figure, robed in drapery
Blacker than blackest night, drew near to
me ;
To rid myself I tried, but I could not—
How memory recalled things long forgot !
Drawn by repugnant magnetism we
Traversed strange, dreadful spaces, while on
me
A dead weight rested with a heaviness
For which there is no name, no name unless

'Tis Hades. Ah, the monster then and I
Came to a room festooned with tapestry.

XXVI

That room with blue-gray lights and its festoons

Brought wandering chills like rays of winter moons.

From somber fabrics where they do abide,
Soft, silky as a golden lion's hide,

Peered pallid faces, each eye a burning gem,
And withered hands that beckoned me to them.

The folds of silvery drapery gently stirred,
A rustle deep as sighs, and then appeared
Fantastic dancers, gaunt, from which well
may

The very devils turn themselves away.

XXVII

Embracing lothsome comrade dancers, each
More horrible, relief all did beseech
In piercing sobs of pleading misery
While swayed in rhythmic steps of agony;
And as the dancing and the music died
Like breaking waves upon the restless tide,
The foul and fiendish revelers all screamed
Three piercing screams, retreating; and
there gleamed

Through mantles rent, the dry and rattling
bones
Of seven large and hideous skeletons.

XXVIII

The vagueless Shadow, neither man nor
God,
Nor anything familiar, slowly trod
With stately step from quivering curtains
sable
And sat him down beside an ebon table.
The seven skeletons stood one and all ;
Pale flames and motionless from torches tall
Illumed the melancholy festive board ;
While indiscribably the Shadow poured
The purple wine, or blood, from massive urn,
And served the skeletons each one in turn.

XXIX

The crew of vacant eyes and grinning jaws
By one accord drank to my health ; because
Their spectral arms sought to encircle me,
Upon the Shadow's breast I trembling lay.
Though life it seemed had now deserted me
My muscles quivered, and each artery
Throbbled, as I heard the distant voices say :
"Spirit, quit thy tenement of clay !"
That was the period between life and death,
The crucial moment of the parting breath.

XXX

While struggling fiercely, many leagues I
fell;

A heavy door rushed back; I entered Hell.
A medley of unnumbered, untamed voices,
A weird wild pandemonium of noises,
Rose; I heard ten thousand demons croak:
"Hi! villain, sir, how came you here?" I
spoke

No word, but fought those red-eye devils
with

The strength of forty tigers; underneath—
At times on top—as step by step they'd gain,
Hot drops fell thick and fast like fiery rain.

XXXI

I passed bedraggled wanderers, and hosts
In weeds of woe, who sank as pallid ghosts;
While pungent clouds of smoke in billows
rose,

Keen gusts whirled past, and stinging sparks
fell close.

A seething mass of bodies, rent and torn
And fiercely beating off the flames, were
borne

Upon the molten current over me;
No flesh could have endured the misery.
My spirit's highest hope was but the doom
Of glittering fiends of pandemonium.

XXXII

Far in the distance streamed a golden light;
Gigantic creatures, robed in gleaming white,
Steered heavenly barges, fringed with many
stars

Of emerald and rubies, to the bars;
They seized the sacrifice; then did alight,
And nail him to the cross before my sight;
The perpetrators going one by one,
They left me with the crucified alone.
Light-hearted multitudes passed by in glee—
Those dying eyes still fixed their gaze on
me.

XXXIII

A form clad in a robe intensely white,
With variegated wings as fair and bright
And beautiful as dreams of fairyland,
Now bore me upward, and with jeweled
wand

Rapped on the pearly gate of Paradise,
And in a cloud of light before my eyes
It disappeared; the portals open swung,
And hosts of angels came, and this was
sung:

"Welcome to the holy temple, come
Ye blessed of the Father; welcome home!"

XXXIV

One from the midst, upon his head a crown,

With outstretched hand now led me to the
throne,
Where dazzled I almost unconsciously
Bowed down before excessive majesty
Of light ; celestial spirits bowed there too.
Can I forget, whate'er I've failed to do,
Those moments of solemnity extreme,
When silence, sacred, holy, reigned supreme?
Mysterious indeed, I must confess,
Was my return to earthly consciousness.

XXXV

But then, I heard a vibrant melody
In varying cadence blend in unity ;
And suddenly a strangely luminous pair
Of silvery wings were poised in mid-air ;
And they upheld a cloud, a veil, which broke
Into fragmentary parts of fire and smoke,
Embellished with queer figures, gem-like
spray
From many founts ; ethereal brilliancy
Formed at the apex mid the flowers en-
twined—
With eyes mute, gentle, sorrowful, en-
shrined.

XXXVI

How like experience a dream may seem !
But now a change approaches—not a dream :
I shall return again to mother earth ;

I shall be where I was before my birth.
When you have heard I've doffed this
 wrinkled gear,
Come to my grave, and say: He is not
 here;
Yet here he lies whose spirit I well knew;
Which is himself—flesh—spirit—which of
 two?
But let no pilgrim come from near or far
Curious to find where my hauntings are.

XXXVII

But when from hence I lie in some low
 glade,
Unnoted, undiscovered, unsurveyed—
Like stones lie buried in the kindly loam,
May timid woodland creatures boldly roam
As here amid the vines and welcoming
 shade;
There may the thrush still warble undis-
 mayed,
The forest rustle as on yonder hill,
The fountain flow adown the rocks, until
The morning comes; and then I shall arise
For my return back to my native skies.

XXXVIII

Then, then, I'll leave for aye this lowly
 station,
The only province in God's fair creation

Where sin has been permitted to take root,
To bud, to blossom, and to bring forth
fruit.

My vision far transcends this evil time,
And over earth's dark wilderness of crime,
I see the future fraught with truth and love
Descending on the present from above ;
At first like gentle dew its blessings fall,
And then like rain and sunshine cover all.

XXXIX

My journey's done ; life's summit is attained ;
The battle's fought—what guerdon has been
gained?

Is it amiss ere the last barriers fall,
To ask, What is the merit of it all?
What alchemy shall change the worst to
best,

As weariness is lost in peaceful rest?
Ah, this ; forgetfulness, my friend, at last ;
For me no more the clamors of the past,
The broken dream, the flying word unjust—
Life's failures and successes turned to dust.

XL

Now soon the Atropos with deadly shear,
Shall cut the slender thread that binds me
here ;

I hear the rustle of strange wings ; I kneel
Down in the chapel of my soul and feel,

As candles burn upon the altar, now
I'm ready to draw near and pay my vow.
I hear the soundless music of my soul
Now washed made white, and every whit
 made whole;
I am prepared as ends this fleeting breath,
For that arch enemy men know as death.

XLI

Long have I known that some day I must
 meet
This foe that followed me with silent feet;
Whose face was veiled, whose form I could
 not see,
And not a word e'er passed twixt him and
 me;
He made no sign, no sound he uttered, yet
His awful presence I could not forget;
He followed me with sure and dreadful pace
O'er mountain-top and through the market-
 place;
And when alone, or in the laughing crowd,
Oftimes my heart stood still, then beat
 aloud.

XLII

Now we shall end the terror of this chase,
My enemy. Come, meet me face to face,
He lifts his hand; I brace to meet the blow,
By fear unmanned; a tender voice and low

Says: Look on me and understand; I see
The once abhorred, my greatest enemy;
But oh, those lips! they smile such love at
me!

Those eyes are brimming o'er with sympathy.

He wipes away the tear-stains from my
cheek;

His touch though icy brings the cure I seek.

XLIII

I feel his breath; he takes me in his arms
To carry me far from the world's alarms;
Famine and war, and greed to which men
kneel,

And all the sins which strength and honor
steal,

These are life's ills, the turmoils of the
world.

The battle o'er, my banner now is furled;
Come, enemy, and fold me to thy breast,
And thankfully my heart shall sink to rest;
Take me where mortal never sorroweth
To dwell in peace, my enemy, O death.

XLIV

Now as the tapers dwindle strange thoughts
grow,

Dim recollections of the long ago,
And meditations on this vale of tears—

How like a weaver's shuttle go these years,
Evil as brief; past visions of the time
Of my departure for my native clime.
The bubble bursts, its rainbow hues are
gone,
The undiminished vital stream flows on;
My natural strength no more shall be
abated;
Most beautiful adventure, long awaited!

XLV

Now as the gates beyond are opened wide,
I see a slow light cross the stygian tide;
It may be of the earth, or from the height,
I only know I pass in light to light.
Soon I shall learn all that I lacked before;
Soon I shall feel and hear and say once
more,
What this tumultuous body now denies—
Shall see no longer blinded by these eyes;
For there the suns of these pale shadows
move,
And I shall know imperishable love.

XLVI

I hear among the waves along the shore
Strange music which the winds make ever-
more;
Perhaps from where the mountain rears its
head,

Or sunset sinks into its ocean bed—
Or is it music of earth's soul that's sung?
Do they who live behind the blue, among
The choir unseen, thus catch a sweeter
strain?

Do they have power to sing earth's joy
and pain—
Catch from its soul the finer notes that rise
And set them to the music of the skies?

XLVII

I've heard a sky-born music everywhere;
It sounds from all that's young, from all
that's fair;
From all that's foul it peals its cheerful
song,
And does to darkest, meanest things belong.
It is not only in the bird and rose,
It is not only where the rainbow glows
And smiles in showers, nor in the red-
breast's tone,
Nor in high stars nor budding flowers alone;
But in the very mud and scum of things,
There is to ears that hear something that
sings.

XLVIII

Life is a symphony of wondrous charm;
It disappears, but only changes form;

A prelude to some greater song that hath
Its first great diapason note in death.
Now, standing thus on the eternal brink,
How many things to nothingness do sink!
Laws, customs, creeds—the fabrics men
 create,
The many doctrines high in church and
 state,
And systems that beguile the so-called wise,
By usage hallowed, fair of outward guise.

XLIX

Yet truth and wisdom tested shine more
 clear,
And naught have faith and love unstained to
 fear,
Nor living hope from yonder spaces sent
Down the blue gulf and dazzling firmament.
Thy face I seek, thou heaven bent over all,
For judgment, ultimate, inscrutable,
In thy great vault and glacial-bright abyss
Winged currents bind the unseen world to
 this;
In thy dread courts where final judgments
 lie,
I wait the solemn verdict of the sky.

L

The old man, pausing, passed beyond earth's
 light;

Death only hides his presence from my
sight;
His voice still lingers in the surging wave—
Strange sorcery that cheats the silent
grave—
It sighs in winds and through the ether
rings;
On a higher plane with dower more vast he
sings,
And I am made aware of wondrous ties
That join the earth to splendors of the skies,
Strange voices infinite with music shod,
And melody that mates itself with God.

The Hermit's Last Will and Testament

I (Blank), the occupant of Hermit Hill,
Do hereby make and publish my last will,
In order to distribute all as justly
My interest in the world of men as may be:
That part, an inconsiderable amount
And insignificant, of small account,
Known as my "property," in law, I shall
Make no disposal of in this my will.
My right to live is but a life estate—
Not mine to give is it at any rate.
With these exceptions duly recognized
All else of value is herein devised.
To fathers and to mothers first: I give

In trust for their small children, while they
live,

Good little words of praise, encouragement,
And quaint pet names, all terms of endear-
ment ;

I charge said parents, it is my desire
They use them as their children may re-
quire,

Justly but likewise use them generously.

I give to children all inclusively,
But only for the term of their childhood ;
The flowers of fields and blossoms of the
wild-wood ;

The right to play among them, yet I warn
Them all against the thistle and the thorn.

To children I devise the banks of brooks,
The pebbles, golden sands and sunny nooks,
The odor of the willows ; and with these,
I leave the children all the long, long days ;
Also the nights with moons and Milky-
way,

But subject to the rights, as lawyers say,
Of lovers that are given hereinafter.

And I devise to boys : all fun and laughter,
All fields and commons where they may play
ball ;

The snow-clad hills where they may coast ;
and all

Small lakes and rivers, creeks and wayside
ponds

To fish, to skate thereon when winter
comes;
To have and hold the same for their boy-
hood;
And to the boys I also give the wood,
With its appurtenances, squirrel and bird,
Strange noises and their echoes often heard;
Also the distant places visited,
Together with adventures therein had;
This to enjoy and without let or hindrance,
I give to every boy, free from encumbrance.
To lovers I devise: their world; and I
Bequeath to them the moon and starry sky,
All that they need—red rose upon the wall;
The bloom of hawthorn; and I give them all
Sweet strains of music; and whatever else
May show love's beauty and its lastingness.
To young men: boisterous sports if sound
and good,
And confidence in their own strength though
rude;
All merry songs, and with all cheerful noises,
Brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.
And I devise to those of snowy crown:
The happiness of age, till they lie down;
The gratitude of children may they keep,
With love, until they, likewise, fall asleep.

Transition

O bud and blossom of my soul,
My toil but blasts thy petals red;
I'll give to Nature thy control,
By Nature's power and plan be led.

O singing bird within my heart,
As soon as tamed thou ceased to sing;
Henceforth I'll shun the flimsy art
That crowns the snow with leaves of Spring.

I'll count no more the drops of dew
That fall in splendor in the night,
Nor strive for some immortal view
Reserved for eyes suffused with light.

To fasten here my dreams, my hands
Are clumsy, and the dreams too fine,
To measure off the sun-swept lands,
So vast, mysterious, divine.

Random Rhymes of Merry Ramblers
and
Broken-Hearted Sons of Song

We had been rambling all the day,
Returning with our garland gay,
With which we now before you stand;
'Tis but a sprout well-budded out,
A little work from Nature's hand.

Canto I

I

Awake, O Muse! the sun is shining;
Our boat still onward is inclining.
This sea is but a glimmering pond,
But seas no ship has ever sailed,
Still claim the mighty shores beyond—
The shores no seaman yet hath haled.

2

Life is a lyric mystery,
Afloat upon the boundless sea;
Life is a perfumed ecstasy,
Seen through the spring-time's veil of pink—
Hid in the heart of blossoming tree,
While wind-blown branches rise and sink.

3

All round us stand the stately trees,
Now gently stirred by evening breeze;
Near us we note the myriad flowers—
The roses, phlox and lilies fair;
Their fragrance sweetens all the hours
With blossoms beautiful and rare.

4

Rare birds, in flocks, upon the wing,
Among the branches flit and sing,
As here we while the hours away
In idleness 'neath summer skies,
Till, cares all ended, the long day
In clouds of crimson glory dies.

5

The fields and meadows gleam tonight,
As evening falls, with deeper light.
Above us now a spirit broods,
A sense of watchers hovering near—
Loved ones beyond the cheerless woods,
Afar, inestimably dear.

6

As planets deepen in the sky,
From trees forlorn there comes a sigh;
A glimmering moon shines o'er the woods
And runs along the corn and grass,
While silence like a spirit broods,
And forms beloved in memory pass.

7

Sweet odors come from every clime
And haunt the air ; perfumes sublime—
The ghosts of fragrant, spicy things,
With raptures freight each sunny ray ;
More potent is the spume that flings
The tingle of the clean salt spray.

8

Nature in art is here displayed ;
Not Solomon was so arrayed
In all the tints of flame and flowers,
Of Autumn foliage and sky,
Of sunset hues and spring-time bowers ;—
Poems in silk to please the eye.

9

The world is fair in every season—
Quadruple fair ; this is the reason :
Green grows the grass in fields of Spring ;
Red blows the rose in Summers dear ;
Gold harvest, days of Autumn bring,
And sweet white days when Winter's here.

10

Now wintry snows are falling fast,
And rudely blows the northern blast ;
All nature is in gloom arrayed ;
But here in this secluded spot,
Still thrives in beauty undismayed,
Our faithful friend Forget-me-not.

11

Proud Zinnia, stately in thy grace,
Upon thy velvet orbs we trace
Each lovely hue; how grand thou art
Throughout the summer's torrid heat,
When fair companions pale, lose heart,
Or perish at thy queenly feet!

12

Of all the queens beneath the sun,
The lily is the fairest one;
The white-robed nun of flowers is she;
Of floral land the patron saint,
All pure and passionless and free
From any tinge of earthly taint.

13

Let us begone; the place is strange!
Yet all we have of life we'd change
For one short month, or just one hour—
Such month, such hour as we had here
Of love and beauty, hope and power;—
How distant does that past appear!

14

The past is fled, forever gone;
But ever as we journey on,
Across the field and meadow lies
The light of other summers bright;
And other skies, and other eyes,
Illume the frosty winter's night.

15

We like to see the sunlight fall
Athwart the ivy-covered wall,
And hear the song the thrushes sung;
We like to watch the honey-bee,
And hear his buzzing drone among
The branches of the blossoming tree.

16

Last night when we had gone to rest,
A little wind from out the west
Came past our door, a gentle breeze,
And stirred the roses in its flight,
And touched the leaves of orchard trees
With fairy magic weird and bright.

17

The swallows gather from the eave
On swift, excited wings to leave;
All ready for a hint to take,
The inkling warning instinct rings,
Which bids them flit in summer's wake
In quest of never-ending springs.

18

The leaves come rustling, rustling down
In splendid crimson showers around—
From trellis of wistaria fall,
And from Virginia's scarlet bowers;
The garden wears an aureole
Of summer's last and brightest flowers.

19

All up and down along the bay,
With whirring sound throughout the day.
The mower cuts its steady swath
Of grass, and flowers, in the way ;
The hay-rake goes its chosen path ;
We scent the breath of new-mown hay.

20

The daffodils impatiently
Await their signs of birth to see ;
All nature sings a deeper song
Than spring's gay smile, or summer's
 mirth ;
And where the plows have passed along
There comes the smell of fresh-turned earth.

21

O wind sweet from the billowy lea !
O sun that floats upon the sea !
O tumbling ocean full of light !
O waves from out the westward rolled,
From isles now far beyond our sight,
In regions known in days of old.

22

From youth's charmed world, where dreams
 abide,
From years of hope, returns the tide
With spells of pristine times appeal.

Illusive progress! We'll be true
Unto the past—to visions real;
The vanished only can we view.

23

Our ways have found their utmost goal
Beyond the shore-line and the shoal,
Upon the gray unbordered sea,
With mightier oceans farther on;
Dim reaches of eternity;
Beyond all shadow lies the dawn.

24

New scenes our tireless guides disclose,
But weary eyes seek kind repose.
We linger in a mountain dell
Where sings a languid summer stream;
Afar we hear a faint herd-bell,
Chiming to us as in a dream.

25

Our souls are like yon desert waste;
Life's rosy wine no more we taste;
The finer hopes our souls enshrined
In happier days that are no more,
The gold of seeming thought divine,
Like rocks that crumble on the shore.

26

Here where no joy is ever sure
We dream of raptures that endure;

Although the sunlight and the mist
Here lose themselves in night together,
We dream of rainbows that persist,
Beyond the changeful skies, forever.

27

We listened to the desert song
That silence sings the whole night long,
Where wilds of God run full and free,
And wakeful all the night would lie
And watch the dark infinity—
Or climb weird ladders to the sky.

28

Far from the sea in leafy lands,
We longed again for ocean sands;
Until at last our footsteps bore us
Down to the great sea's fringe of foam,
Where, in a moment, lay before us
The freedom of our natural home.

29

Past islands lonelier than ruin
And fields, wide wastes, no rose e'er blew in,
Through seas whose sobs were sighs of
death,
By icy mountains southward borne,
Where e'en the winds had lost their breath,
We still pursued our way forlorn.

30

In the blue sky one star does shine.
And in the soul is hope benign ;
On the far hills is crimson shed,
And in the heart is dawn of light ;
To-day love's roses will be red,
To-day our moments shall be bright.

31

Skies strewn with stars, streets wet with
dew—
Just like the days our boyhood knew ;
The windows flash, a maiden sings,
And far away we hear a train ;
A great content is in all things ;
Life still is sweet, and not in vain.

32

What shape now steals along yon dim,
Bleak street, where dryads wait for him ?
Where walls leap up to hide the skies,
And fanes are built for deities ?
Far to the west the woodland lies ;
All cloudless are the dotted seas.

33

We see the moon so broad and bright
Sailing high on this frosty night,
And crusted thickly on the sky,
Are golden starpoints dusted through

The vault above the earth so high,
The great wide silent vault of blue.

34

To yonder hill we sail to-day
To clear the road and smoothe the way ;—
To climb a little higher up
The steeps where some, alas ! have failed ;
To drink the nectar from the cup
That lies on heights before unscaled.

35

We're sailing, sailing for the best,
And yet we feel a vague unrest ;
We hope to reach, in spite of fears,
The welcome of Elysian fields,
Where kindness sown in bygone years,
A ripening golden harvest yields.

36

These woodland blossoms wet with dew,
Have meanings that our eyes ne'er knew ;
We hear a song in every tree ;
No king in olden golden time
Was ever happier than we ;
There are no heights we dare not climb.

37

Ah, now we trudge across the sands,
And dimly wonder why these lands

Are deserts, and the hills we crossed
Are robed in snow, and we feel old,
Love's vision faded, promise lost;
Is it the heart grown sad, or cold?

38

No more we feel the pain of life,
Nor see its star-shine, know its strife;
The dull, drear days now pass our sight;
Dead-calm and stagnant—sails though set,
No breeze, no gleaming of the light,
No spirit even to regret.

39

Anon we sit with folded hands,
Gazing abroad on meadow lands.
Oh! to what uses shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows,
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

40

Before our eyes where we now stand,
The spring lies fair across the land;
But ah! its beauty hurts the heart;
The alien hours pass slowly by;
We count the hours until we start;
With half-spent force we homeward fly.

41

The winds bow down the crested seas
And all the ocean's argosies.
O heavy-handed wind that brings
The echoing sorrow of defeat—
Brings back sad eyes of ancient things,
Forgotten griefs so hard to meet.

42

Behind the screen on ocean's rim,
The coasts in sudden glory swim.
Oh, land of distance and desire
Beyond the spaces of the sea,
With ports of pearl and crests of fire,
We pause, in dreams, thy shore to see.

43

Nor hasten though the sun is low,
Enraptured in the afterglow;
The traffic of the air is still,
The clouds are motionless and flushed;
We wait to know the master's will—
The very winds are listening, hushed.

44

Dewdrops among the shining grass,
And scent of hawthorn as we pass
A cottage by a little lane—
A little lane 'mid shade and sun;
We hear the robins sing again,
As down that little lane we run.

45

We build our forts of sand anew,
And laugh again as children do ;
For all the shapes and hues of clouds
That sailed in fleets across the sky,
Have here come back in rosy crowds
To greet our vision—ere we die.

46

The golden-winged bird is gone ;
From dawn to eve, from eve to dawn,
When morning gilds the glittering leaves,
We've sought in blossomy haunts of song,
And saw—but swallow-twittering eaves ;
So vain our search with passion strong.

47

The stars view from their balcony
Bronze ripples of a peacock sea ;
Then come the shadows from below
The sea's broad rim, to dull the day
And muffle the wan afterglow
And fold the embered dust away.

48

A frost to-night—so clear, dead still ;
Half-sad, half-proud, our arms we fill
With flowers, crimson, blue and gold,
That all too late in beauty bloom,
And not until the year is old
Distil their fragrance and perfume.

49

Are these but lusterless to you
Because of flowers once you knew?
There is no beauty now as then,
Though all the world be filled with flowers.
Ah! could they rise to life again
What resurrection would be ours.

50

We love the tall wild weeds and grass;
They nod a welcome as we pass.
How we did love the little flowers
And thought they loved us, as a child!
We lingered with them many hours;
They barely nod, where once they smiled.

Canto II

51

Sometimes we sit with Memory
Upon the throne of yesterday,
And hear an echo far away
Of singing spheres and dreams unknown,
Within the caverns where delay
Fragments of spacious voice and tone.

52

Or Memory beckons from afar;
Perchance upon another star
We followed the eternal quest.

That leads through waters and through
fire—

Ere Weariness had conquered Zest—
And saw the face of our desire.

53

Loose ye from tears and see aright;
Ye old, and ye yesternight;
Kings, bards and keepers of the sheep;
By every sorrow that ye had
Comes back what once ye stayed to weep:
Lost coin or sheep or wandering lad.

54

Across the western sea and sky,
A star was shining cold and high;
Beneath it there, one warm gleam lay;
It was some lamp of home new-lit
Upon an island in the bay,
Calling the wanderer back to it.

55

Gold east athwart a level sea
Where heaving waves roll ceaselessly;
Beyond, a hut upon the shore
With roof of straw and wall of stone;
Before the low and narrow door,
A woman's form forlorn, alone.

56

At length we reach a silent wood
Along the marshland solitude;
Pale drifting pools of silver mist
Lie on the dank and sullen land,
And fleeting shadows turn and twist
With Jack-o'-lanterns hand in hand.

57

As we go up a narrow way
Between two towering walls of gray,
We see this panel, set between:
A floating cloudlet, silver white;
Blue sky; a bough of budding green;
A flock of birds in sweeping flight.

58

We watched the sun grow old, and creep
From clouds that filled his place of sleep—
Wan sun that bleached the shadows cast
On stubble-fields with mists of gold
Each evening earlier than the last;
We watched the sun grow wan and old.

59

We must go back to sea again
And leave the busy haunts of men.
All that we ask is our good ship,
A guiding star to steer her by,
And we will have a jolly trip;
Back to the lonely sea and sky.

60

O sea, unbounded, lying under
Infinite star-host, surge and thunder!
O sad unbounded sky that over
The lamentations of the tide,
Dost with the tear-bright stars uncover,
Save where thy veils the oceans hide!

61

The call of waves and running tide
Is one that may not be denied;
So give to us a windy day,
A windy day with white clouds flying,
And the blown spume, and the flung spray,
And the gray mist, and sea-gulls crying.

62

How many wondrous things there be,
Beheld on land or on the sea,
With clouds that paint the wistful sky
And winds that weave long symphonies!
But thoughtlessly we pass them by—
Like lowing herds, care not for these!

63

We feel constrained to rise and go,
To drink where hidden waters flow.
O cleanse our eyes of dust, and take
The mote, that we may see aright—
The moon above the still black lake,
The stars far in the depth of night.

64

O touch our ears, make senses keen
To feel and to enjoy the scene—
The gray mosquito's mad'ning whine
Where the tall weeds flap damp and rank,
Nettle and briar and trammel-vine,
That wait for us on yonder bank.

65

Our vagrant feet tread winding streams
And pay alas! the price of dreams.
An eagle soars above the pines,
The cattle roam where'er we look—
While on the ground a youth reclines
A-drawing sketches for this book.

66

A lonely tossing moonlit lake
'Mid everglades, when we awake.
Delightful day! How calm the seas!
A swelling cloud soon hides the blue,
And darkened by the hurrying breeze,
Green seas afar are hurrying, too.

67

Yon hill, though now a red clay slope,
Was once beloved, our strength and hope;
We heard the soughing of the pines
Upon these hills so long ago;
Now, like a harp, the heart inclines
Its chords to minor strains, and slow.

68

Swift slip the crowded hours ; we lose
The time we spend in common use ;
But let there be no weak regret ;
The work is worthy, and the light
Shines somewhere, we shall see it yet—
That brings our lost life back to sight.

69

Still sailing o'er the untrod way
And asking but a song each day ;
Still sailing when the sun is high,
When light is red—a lone low bar ;
Still sailing on 'twixt sea and sky,
Till comes the night and evening star.

70

Oh, what a voyage is this we're making !
What a tempestuous tour we're taking !
We started well ; all canvas set ;
The sea all sun, the wind was fair ;
And then a cloud, our canvas wet
And staggering 'neath the lurid glare.

71

A great north wind ; fear, sickening, sore,
That we may never reach the shore ;
Perhaps go down far out at sea,
Or perish within sight of land ;
Or else more lost than found may be
A wreck upon some foreign strand.

72

Our gardens will be overgrown,
Where roses fall, when years have flown ;
A hundred years from now the pain—
This grief of ours will all be o'er ;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a long-forgotten shore.

73

We sought a land of joy and ease,
Whose scenes elate, where prospects please,
And where not even man is vile :
It lieth far beyond the skies
And we may reach it afterwhile—
There is no earthly paradise.

74

Great barren peaks against the sky,
And endless desert. You and I
Recall deep woodlands dark with rain,
And, edged with anemones, small streams ;
We strain our burnt-out eyes in vain—
We see no beauty save in dreams.

75

There lies a valley, lovelier far
Than all Ionian valleys are ;
The vapor slopes athwart the glen,
And creeps and loiters, slowly drawn ;
On either side the deep ravine
Hangs rich in flowers—a meadow lawn.

76

See yonder throng applauding these
Vain things—these wind-blown wizardies;
We had no thought to seek for praise
Where none is due; these songs were found
Flashing like wings across our ways,
Or blown like leaves along the ground.

77

While voyaging across the seas
A voice calls from the far-off trees—
A whisper 'mong the hazel bushes;
It is a long, low sound that fills
With saddest music swaying rushes—
A heart-beat deep in quiet hills.

78

How long the path to rest and peace?
Our quest, alas! will it ever cease?
Oh, like the lorn breeze on the hill,
Or like the rush of sullen seas,
We find no spell of Peace-be-still—
Nothing like Zion-when-at-ease.

79

We left the shades of Lonesome Town
For springtime sunlight streaming down,
Where hills and rills and valleys fair,
With fragrant blossoms sweet and bright,
Are saying glad things everywhere—
For dreams, and gleams of living light.

80

We left the shades of Shadowland;
We'll stand where sons of morning stand!
We're off for heights where stars shine clear,
In wondrous joy and glory given,
Away from shadows lone and drear,
Where earth rolls close to gates of heaven.

81

We've found a place where fern is deep
By rocky ledges dark and steep,
And it is here with souls set free
From all the streets' discordant jar,
Contented we awhile will be—
With voices of the world afar.

82

Weird is the night 'neath clouded skies,
Dark is the night and full of eyes—
Green eyes and yellow open wide,
Red eyes, and many eyes that seem
To shift and sparkle, glow and glide;
Of changing hue and varying gleam.

83

Once when the night was creeping down
We hurried on to Sleepytown;
But soon the world grew darker yet,
And in our inexperienced eyes,
Strange hidden dangers did beset
The shadow-places in the skies.

84

Still faring toward an unknown night,
We yearn for stars with soothing light,
As we when little children did,
And grope out through the darks of space—
And sigh for love by darkness hid—
To touch perchance a father's face.

85

A flame is in the crimson west,
A hint that it is time to rest;
The birds are gone, the blossoms close,
And past is all the sunshine bright
That fell since east the sun arose;
All gone, and now the quiet night.

86

But what is that we hear next door
Resounding on the flimsy floor?
That slap and flap we rightly guessed—
A tango crowd with more in sight;
Oh, what is day but time of rest
Comparing it with modern night?

87

Hope is a rainbow far away;
We've followed it from day to day
Through blooming meads with dancing feet,
And hearts o'erflowed with joyous song;
Our eyes its treasures never greet
But still its beauty lures us on.

88

We stand at last where morn is breaking,
With to the winds new banners shaking;
Before our eyes horizons widen,
The shadows vanish, vapors lift;
We ask no trump, no torch or guidon,
But wings that soar and songs that lift.

89

'Tis good to know that through the years,
Past grieving and past human tears,
There'll be blue skies and grape-vine swings,
That sweet old songs will still be sung;
And when we near the end of things,
This fine old world will still be young.

90

As we went forth, how calm and bright
The moon looked in her veil of white!
But strolling homeward through the park,
Heaven's queen, ashamed, had hid her face;
'Twas foggy and the air was dark,
And earth was then a dismal place.

91

An old acquaintance sure, a-straying,
Just as we met him when a-Maying;
Ah! 'tis a tale of olden time—
Yet not so very long ago—
The world was in its golden prime,
And love was lord of all below.

92

Engulfed in rhapsodies of tune
And mellow radiance of the moon,
We stand in ambient air to-night
On Mexico's unhappy shore.
O bird, O air, O pale moonlight,
O lend to us your lilting lore!

93

We see a small adobe hut
Where all the gates of earth are shut;
Nature unrolls her picture there
And pageant of the earth and sky,
Mountain and mist and sunset fair,
Pale moon and twinkling stars pass by.

94

Against the sunset sky and moon
How oft in Autumns gone too soon,
We've watched that zigzag spread of wings
Dark flying 'gainst the western glow;
It tells of loneliness of things,
Of autumns vanished long ago.

95

The autumn winds along these walks
Blow sharp among the flowerless stalks;
In place of petals of the peach
Fast drifts the fallen yellow leaf;
Each looking in the face of each,
We see one face—the face of grief.

96

But pain is worse in sunny parts,
When music sadly charms our hearts
And brings back sunnier days of yore,
The loving faces, cherished forms,
Of friends beloved we see no more—
Ah! pain is worse when music charms.

97

The season of our life declines,
Light coldly on the lily shines;
Ah! shall our years return their flight,
And spring again upon us shine,
The primrose hale our yearning sight,
The hedge restore the eglantine.

98

Though brain and body tire and fail,
New mercies still old forms unveil;
New hands full of old kindness stay
The sigh, and dry the falling tears,
To cheer our life in its decay,
Consoling the decline of years?

99

Not all the beauty, all the flowers,
That list our love, or deck the bowers
In dreamy gardens where do lie
Fair dreamy maidens all the day,
Can wholly check the rising sigh
Or chase the falling tear away.

100

We oftimes muse and wonder why
The rarest flowers so quickly die;
Why charm is lost to sweetest song;
Why fondest hopes so soon are blighted;
Why anxious moments seem so long;
Why love is always so near-sighted.

Canto III

101

How much in this grim world of men
We liked, cannot come back again!
The youthful fancies, childish joys—
But is there any use to grieve?
The fairies work for girls and boys—
For people only who believe.

102

The gray wind calls to-night and peers
Just at it did in former years;
The spirit of the wind, we know,
And ours together roam to-night
All up and down dim streets they go,
While we sit by the red firelight.

103

Somewhere, way back in Mystic Land,
Beyond e'en Memory's magic strand,

In realms of long-forgotten things
We see a garden quaint and fair ;
A subtle odor still there clings
Like perfume in the summer air.

104

Upon a wind that faintly blows,
Is borne the fragrance of the rose
That grew beside a rustic seat
Within a quaint Elysium spot,
With snatch of bird-song, liquid, sweet—
From childhood's days now half-forgot.

105

We see, yet dimly apprehend,
The amber sunset's fragrant blend
Of ecstacies and griefs once known,
Now blossoming before our eyes—
Experience of days long flown
To Memory's lost paradise.

106

Among our half-forgotten dreams,
Youth's long, long thoughts, there lies, it
 seems,
A field of hope fruitlessly tilled ;
And by the light of evening fires,
We see one far-off corner filled
With small, unsatisfied desires.

107

Alone upon a wooded slope
We listen, and with joy and hope
We hear the chime of Sabbath-bells,
In distant lofty sunlit spires,
Float o'er the valley as it tells
Our hearts of heaven's celestial lyres.

108

We've stood upon this very ground;
How scenes come back, as dreams rebound!
It seems a million years ago,
Some far-off time we know not when,
That we were at this place, and lo!
To-day we find us here again.

109

All roads here wander to the sea;
And, passing, beckon lovingly;
Sweet with the shoreland-lying mist
And wet and fresh, with wind-blown spray,
Haled by the drifting gulls, sea-kissed,
These roads all seaward wind their way.

110

Now must we here ourselves maroon?
Or shall we seek some lonely dune
Far out at sea? A tropic moon
Shines on a place which we could seek,
Permanent quiet, by some lagoon,
Had we the chance we had last week.

III

But now the winter winds are high,
The landscape hidden from the eye,
For all the hills with snow are white;
Beneath the snow the dead leaves lie;
And all is buried from our sight,
While 'neath the ice the brook runs by.

III 2

If we must sigh and have the blues,
What blues and sighs then shall we choose?
There are the blues of skies and seas,
And sighs of love like those of the dove;
If any, pray let us have these——
The heavenly blues, the sighs of love.

III 3

These things today we found worth while:
The wayside flower that claimed our smile;
The rain; the song the robin sings;
The dew-dipped rose; sunshine above;
Music that wakes to nobler things;
A child's touch, and a woman's love.

III 4

Miss Redbreast, we love you we do;
Your flashing wings in southern dew;
Awakens admiration strong,
Affection tender, throbbing, true;
Like broken-hearted sons of song,
Unknowingly you thrill us through.

115

Sweet wild birds sing the songs they sung
In other years when we were young ;
The wind is in the live-oak trees ;
The roses nod beside the way,
And every soft, caressing breeze
Is like a breath from yesterday.

116

We've stood within the wooded glen,
By mountain side ; and now again
In peaceful placid waves of love
Upon the sea our moments flow,
As clear as summer skies above,
Or crystal summer seas below.

117

Soon comes the night, soon ends the day ;
The mist lies heavy on the bay ;
Dewless the autumn leaves and grass ;
We've had the day, welcome the night ;
Brief be the twilight as we pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

118

The fog was laced with drizzling rain
When we arrived at land again ;
Light breeze was turned to cold, raw draft,
And with the odor of the brine,
The stimulating air we quaffed,
Mingled with scent of stunted pine.

119

We're nearing home ; though far and wide
We've wandered, yet at eventide,
We pause to turn our traveled eyes
Back o'er the pathways we have passed,
Then on the shore that homeward lies,
Where night and gloom seem gathering fast.

120

Let us go o'er the murmuring seas,
Away from noisy scenes like these,
And rest among the peaceful hills——
Those hills in mists of morning curled,
Where music sweet the forest thrills ;
Afar from all the jarring world.

121

When on a fragile flower we gaze,
To starry heaven our eyes we raise,
Or view the ever-restless sea,
Majestic mountains old and hoary——
We feel these tokens each must be
A stepping-stone to greater glory.

122

No more of music or of song,
But inward silence, sweet and strong,
As round us restful silence folds ;
The winds are still ; an evening hour
Of restful presence twilight holds ;
Tumultuous turmoil throbs no more.

123

The orchard trees are still in bloom,
But we lie in a tiny room;
All of the world is sick and faint—
Or sick and faint are we (I am)—
And sunshine's only yellow paint,
But yellow paint and gilded sham.

124

The sands of time are slipping fast,
The night is coming, day is past.
Despite the angry winds that vex,
We'd hoped to reach some sheltered bay
Where baffling currents ne'er perplex,
And anchor till the close of day.

125

But still we hear the tempest's roar—
Safe harbor we may reach no more;
Still struggling on a foaming crest,
Our fondest hopes are turned to fears;
We find amid the wild unrest
A little laughter, many tears.

126

How shall we ease us of the ache
When beauty makes the heart to break?
O sunlight on the dreaming sea,
With isles like flowers against her breast,
Is there no place where we can be
At rest? where shall the heart find rest?

127

The sky was broidered o'er with clouds,
With golden beams, and silver shrouds,
Like little flocks of sheep at play;
With pinnacles and domes of fanes;
The breezes came and blew away
The sculptured vapors of our brains.

128

Whence is the music now that thrills,
The music that our being fills?
Whose is the skill that paints yon hill
A picture pleasing to the sight,
And flecks the green of meadows till
The little lambs leap with delight.

129

When days are dark and things askew,
We love to think of skies all blue;
And sing a happy song and smile,
And we defy the gloomy day;
Or else forget it for awhile,
And lo! the clouds have passed away.

130

It was not very long ago
We stood where bright, cool waters flow;
Behind us rose a little slope
And thick, white violets sprang therefrom;
And there we sang our song of hope
To cheer us in the days to come.

131

Soon we may need the song of cheer
To drive away a nameless fear
That gathers round like fog-clouds drear;
That comes, alas, when no one knows;
We feel the time is drawing near—
Across the bay a fog-horn blows.

132

The billows murmur at our feet,
Here where the earth and ocean meet;
No more our eager boat doth glide
By river, creek and shoal, untrammelled;
We come upon the open tide,
With silver, green, and blue enameled.

133

The tide runs strong, the sea grows dark;
The night-wind rising drives our bark;
The lights are bright along the wall,
But fitful is the beacon's glare;
We know the reefs where breakers fall,
And near us lies an island bare.

134

The trees are gone, upon the shore
The heron comes to reefs no more;
No sea-gull's wing to rocks dip down;
No sea-mew brown, nor petrel white;
No boat stops there from port or town—
An island bare once fair and bright.

135

Once fair and bright and fresh and green
As ever in a harbor seen ;
'Tis but the ghost we yonder see ;
The night shade falls—if we are pinched
And charged as spies, or with piracy,—
'Tis greatly feared we shall be lynched.

136

We seem to see, it may be true,
An island in the moonlit dew ;
Perhaps these isles, like changing skies,
Are rarely what to us they seem ;
We of few smiles and many sighs,
Some things we know, but more we dream.

137

We see the shadows on the wall,
The verdure where the vine-leaves fall,
The tall tree-tops against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon
Goes slowly sailing, drifting by,
Behind a cloudlet hidden soon.

138

No more the rose's crimson glow,
The lark-spur glittering row on row ;
Beyond the shadowed garden we
The dim, mysterious orchard trees'
Dark, overladen boughs can see,
All stirring softly in the breeze.

139

When these in tender radiance gleam
Like angels, is it but a dream?
When shadows fall, the heart still flies,
Afar across the ocean brine,
To where a fairy island lies—
To where the angel lilies shine.

140

Our hearts are gay as waves that dance
Upon the ocean's broad expanse.
We know beyond the throbbing seas
The birds sing on the budding spray,
The zephyrs blow through leafy trees,
And roses blush at dawn of day.

141

All paradise, we used to think
Was blown with blossoms, blue and pink
Like those we took with us to school;
E'en then, we dreamed more than we knew;
But 'mid the tender grasses cool
The violets, dew-laden, grew.

142

We smell the apple blossoms still,
The violets empty vases fill.
Some thoughts our memories hold forever—
Some wee, perhaps some trifling thing,
A bird, a breeze, a flower, that ever
Must float the heart into the spring.

143

Some songs that seem but silly things,
Are yet a joy to him who sings;
What matters the unheeding throng
That cannot know our spirit's spell:
Since life is sweet and love is long,
We'll sing a song when all goes well.

144

What though no ears may hear our lays,
No lips may lift a word of praise;
We still with faith unfaltering—
On mountain-top, in shady dell—
Will sing, our joy unaltering,
Our foolish songs when all goes well.

145

When with our brothers without ease
We till the soil, or prune the trees,
And labor hard for sordid gain—
In hours of toil it gives us zest
To sing our songs on hill or plain;
And even when at eve we rest.

146

Though sorrow will its sadness bring,
The heart may still in gladness sing
Of gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom incense-bearing trees,
And forests ancient as the hills,
And sunny spots, and greeneries.

147

And when the world seems cold and dark,
Song is the flint that strikes a spark,
And kindles fires to keep us warm
Amid the cheerless, wintry weather;
And hearts half-frozen feel the charm,
And with us round the radiance gather.

148

Last night while swimming in the sea,
It seemed the finite ceased to be;
As we looked upward through the night
To the sky's wide mead aflower with stars,
And through earth's phosphorescent light,
We saw heaven's golden gleaming bars.

149

Across the sense there softly blew
A breeze that stirred the waters too,
And voices of the sea around,
Mysterious harps they seemed to be,
Played with a soft and stealing sound,
The chants sung on the Crystal Sea.

150

We are a part of all we've met,
And we are travel-worn and yet
'Tis not too late to sail awhile—
To sail beyond the sunset sky;
And we may touch the Happy Isle;
If we sail on until we die.

Canto IV

151

The woods with flags of red and gold,
Are signaling to Frost and Cold.
What joy beaneath the branches, oh,
To smoothly speed our car along,
And feel the bracing breezes blow,
And hear the motor's cheerful song.

152

Now snow is piled along the road,
And every bough bends 'neath its load;
To buck the drifts along the way
And leave a wake of flying white,
And scurry by the horse and sleigh,
Is our superior delight.

153

The orchards don their robes of pink,
The garden tools of seed-time clink;
Ah, it is pleasure sure enough,
To see the moving-picture green
Of field and forest reeling off
Before our rapid limousine.

154

But oh, for us, the time of all,
Is summer-time, the carnival

Of blossoms, birds and trailing vines ;
Our throne, it is the chauffeur's seat,
And every day our auto finds
A kingdom new, and ever sweet.

155

A lunch of olives, fruit and cake,
Beside a way-side elm we make,
Then off again, the echoes far
Replying to the echoes near ;
But lo, to him who loves a car
The auto-time is all the year.

156

To him who is in love with life
Far from the noise of city-strife,
Although no more by marsh and stream
Or forest, sounds the secret reed,
For Pan is gone, ah, yet the dream
Still lives for him—for all who heed.

157

At noon and in the quiet night,
The same strange spell, the same delight,
Enfolds them in its power supreme ;
The glow of an immortal balm,
The mood-touch of the gods, the dream,
The endless, high, lethean calm.

158

We see wide on the eternal way,
And hear the magic cry and say :
It is the note of Pan ; although,
As strange and flute-like voices rise,
We look beside the road and know
'Tis but the frogs that greet our eyes.

159

The clever cloud-crafts of the mind,
Gone with the winds, no more we find.
We have instead, to carry thence
With azure sails our little crew,
One little craft of innocence,
One little patch of spotless blue.

160

With wings that struggle into flight,
We're drawn by yearning for the light.
Our sails will never touch the moon ;
We look with love against love's eyes,
In search of some perennial June ;
We search in vain for paradise.

161

Thus blind as moths at lantern's bars,
We beat our souls against the stars ;
And yet when sails are furled at even,
And love lies dead on sands it trod,
The old desire will light to heaven,
Old failures shine on the face of God.

162

High on the azure peak of night,
The moon sits in her robes of white.
With wonder the adventurous fawn
Through golden-rifted purple peer;
Now that the coyotes have withdrawn,
Or hide behind the hills in fear.

163

Oft have we seen the Northern Lights
Flash countless colors wintry nights,
And often watched the Southern Cross
Ablaze o'er smiling, sunny lands,
The lazy sea caressing toss
Its kisses to palm-sheltered sands.

164

Whene'er the west wind in the trees
Calls to us from the distant seas,
A wild unrest, a wanderlust,
So like the wanderlust of yore,
Still scourges us, and so we must
Be wanderers forevermore.

165

Again we saw, again we heard
The rolling river, morning bird;
Inhaled again the violet's breath,
Till beauty through our senses stole,
Dissolved the grasp and fear of death—
We yielded to the perfect whole.

166

What moonlit forests wet with dew,
What dawn-touched meadows we passed
through!

In searching for, but all in vain—
Its nest ne'er seen, its voice ne'er heard,
The winds ne'er found it, nor the rain
E'er beat on it—the ideal bird.

167

Past is the winter cold and dark,
And we to call of tree-scapes hark;
A rainy morn in early spring;
We see wet feathers on a lark,
With which we rising try to sing,
While listening to the dogwood bark.

168

This is the place to leave our toys;
We are no longer girls and boys;
This fishing-rod and hunting-boot,
With pretty dolls, all plainly say,
We're getting old and now must put
Our once-loved, childish toys away.

169

Tobacco tags, some lurid wide,
Some small and round, with boyish pride
We treasured once—a fond collection;
A fat book bulged with treasures vast,

Which now our burdened recollection
But by a strain drags from the past.

170

There grew the apples green as grass,
And here the swimming-hole we pass;
The shadows follow sunshine warm
And fall across the little creek;
Gone is the splash of youthful form,
And past is all the boyish shriek.

171

We saw the playful children dwell
In hovel and in great hotel,
Pathetic, lonely, little things
Cast out because they're in the way,
We pitied them, the heart it wrings,
Because they had no place to play.

172

Yet groups of children cross or kind
In sticks and stones their playthings find;
Although the city's alleys reek
By night, as well as in the day,
Though passing engines hoot and shriek,
Children will find a place to play.

173

We met a boy of mystery
Who told his hope and history;

Unlettered, yet with trust so great
Of what for him the world might hold ;
He babbled on ; the night grew late,
Thin-clad he shivered in the cold.

174

O trustful youth, we know not why,
Somehow our dreams came trooping by,
And we went back, oh, many a year
Where we such dreams as his did know,
While on a wrinkled cheek a tear
Fell for those dreams of long ago.

175

He, nothing but his violin ;
She, but her song with which to win,
The two were wed when skies were blue—
As by the hedge the robins told
How they had dared to love and woo
In early days when spring was cold.

176

On dewberries they dined that day
And slept that night among the hay ;
The world has since gone well with them—
'Twas long ago when that was done ;
No homeless wanderings as when,
Down by this lane were two made one.

177

Oh, love is not a summer mood,
Nor youthful fever of the blood,
Nor flying phantom of the brain,
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance;
Love is not born of greed of gain,
Nor bred in simple ignorance.

178

Refrain if yours is not the love
Annunciation warns you of;
It is the candle not the sun;
It burns, but it can never warm
Or cheer your life, unhappy one;
Oh, shun its evanescent charm.

179

Suppose the sun should never shine,
What anguish of regret were mine
To know that e'en from this I turned—
Deliberately had turned away,
Or thoughtlessly and unconcerned;
Ah, what if there should be no day?

180

Nay, better cold your whole life long,
Than do the sun—your soul, a wrong;
And if the sun ere you have died
Shine not on you, be life's the blame,
And yours the honor and the pride,
Who justly scorned the meaner flame.

181

We saw a man on pleasure bent
Chase the horizon ; round he went
The ceaseless circle. So we see
The line of happiness ahead,
But going forward, it doth flee ;
We ever find the prize hath fled.

182

And then we saw another one
Who watched the setting of the sun
And marked his life alone by this ;
Life's fullest beauty was denied,
Because he sought for happiness
Alone on the material side.

183

And still another one, who saved
The wealth for which through life he slaved,
To give his boys and girls a start ;
In poverty they lived and died ;
He kept his wealth till forced apart
By one who could not be denied.

184

The King of terrors has the grip—
The clutch of fingers that ne'er slip ;
He loosened up the tight purse-strings
And let the accursed riches fall,
And nabbed the owner for worse things,
Just as he died and left it all.

185

We saw a man who might have been,
Had he not fallen into sin,
A saint; likewise he had been great,
But that foul chance sent him astray;
Poor man! we pitied him his fate;
But he, alas, had had his day.

186

Another one his burden lifts,
Unschool'd, obscure and lacking gifts;
Untalented, he tries to rise;
He fails, but does the best he can;
Ah, well, perhaps in Paradise,
Are hopes, new gifts, for this poor man.

187

Our pilot's here, our ship sails on;
We'll weather the storm and reach the
dawn;
Our pilot's here so calm and wise;
We'll ride the waves of doubt and fear
And sail into the sunny skies,
Or anchor safe; take cheer, take cheer.

188

Now as we watch the day grow old,
The sunset sky gives up its gold;
The blue sea slumbers in a mist
Of heat beside the amber shore;

At anchor, floats in amethyst,
A fisher's fleet with idle oar.

189

The dear old friends are going fast;
We, too, will soon be of the past;
Perhaps in sailing other seas
That lie beyond this mundane sphere,
We shall with joy remember these
Fond scenes that we've forgotten here.

190

Our short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on;
The night comes down, the lights burn
 blue,
And at our door the pale horse stands;
Farewell, oh, world so fair to view,
We venture forth to unknown lands.

191

Here in the dale, sweet waters grieve,
And fountains westward flow at eve;
And now, O brook of canceled years,
We watch your vesper stream depart;
The mourning flood is of our tears,
The sobbing sound is in the heart.

192

Felicitas, where surges beat

Sits throned upon a gleaming seat.
O'er ocean hangs the leaden sky ;
Oh, shall we never touch the shore ?
The winds the wail of ages sigh :
Wrecked are thy hopes forevermore.

193

O vain illusions ! dreams impress !
Why more than truth dost thou still bless,
If thou be false above us gleaming ;
Unreal and of no answering breath ;
Impassable, vain, only seeming ;
What art thou ? surely thou art Death.

194

Away unfruitful lore of books
Alien among these birds and brooks ;
Dull to interpret or believe
The gospel that the violet
Reports from Him at hush of eve
Who in his garden walketh yet.

195

The soul, like flowers, for sunshine made,
Grows wan and sickly in the shade ;
Tall banks the fleet, brown river brim ;
With emerald rushes at their brink ;
In dappled skies a rainbow swims ;
New color, life, the meadows drink.

196

Sweet are the fields of brown and gray,
The quiet winter feels today ;
The tawny yellow, like the manes
Of Asiatic lions, yields
A pleasing color to the plains ;
Sweet are these quiet winter fields.

197

Gaunt woods in ragged scant array,
Are wrapped in somber vines today ;
In sunbeams of the faint, brief day,
The dusky waters shuddering shine ;
The russet leaves obstruct the way
Of cosy brooks no banks define.

198

Hear o'er the fields a piercing sigh ;
Hark, in the woods the locust vie
In shrillest tones ! mark how the light
Of noon-tide hushes ! Ne'er deny
To summer harmonies their right—
What music hath such melody ?

199

Our bed is made, our room is fit ;
By punctual eve the stars are lit ;
The waters murmur in the shade ;
The skies are clear, the air is still.
What need is there for man or maid,
When we put up at God's hotel !

200

Our music is the wind and rain
That sweep across the barren plain,
Where long-eared, bright-eyed creatures
start;
We have for choristers the birds—,
Ah, there are secrets in their hearts
That are too wonderful for words.

Canto V

201

We've wandered through the greenest
bowers
Embroidered with the rarest flowers;
O'er woodlands lonely, wild and stern
Where heather sweetens highland lea,
Where moss creeps softly 'neath the fern
And mountain winds blow fresh and free.

202

We've sat for hours in forest shade
So still the squirrels were unafraid.
We've thrilled before the beauteous pines
So odorous, so straight and tall,
And loved the scarlet sumac lines
That blaze like fires in hills of Fall.

203

We've mused in sunlit, shady lanes,
And lingered in well-watered plains,
'Mid hills that look up to the sky,
Where blue-bells and primroses grow,
And nod to gentle winds that fly,
And bear their fragrance sweet and slow.

204

And oft we rose erect, renewed
From gem-like springs 'mid settings rude;
And we have drunk from crystal streams—
Youth's fountains that we oft could find—
To cool life's fitful, feverish dreams,
Leaving the cloak of age behind.

205

No star is lost that once was seen,
We may be what we might have seen;
And when upon some other shore
Ourselves our aspirations meet,
Then all the plans we failed in here
Will be made perfect and complete.

206

Safe, sheltered from the sun and breeze,
This wayside seat 'neath drooping trees
Still welcomes fondly all who pass.
Within its arms, in days long gone,
We laughed together lad and lass—
And here we often mused alone,

207

A look of love, a touch of hands
Brings comfort—if one understands ;
And yet earth's cleanest joys and best
We've found unspoiled by ways of men,
The mountain free from sordidness,
The freshness of the glade and glen.

208

Out of the cold gray, eastern sea
We passed, all lonely then were we ;
Out from the eastern shores to sail
Back from the older, colder lands,
Hungry a friend once more to hail,
Weary of foreign folks and strands.

209

We struck the trail in old Missou,
And we examined Texas, too ;
We saw the eastern empires great,
And ancient cities large and grand ;
We know "the mighty western state"—
From ocean sand to ocean sand.

210

Heave, ocean, heave, till on thy breast
Love-laden winds have sighed to rest ;
Still grandly heave, ocean of fires ;
From deepest beds there comes from thee
The diamond notes of long-lost lyres—
For every sound is in the sea.

211

With message mystical they shine
From depths of sea or cave or mine—
These gems that in our hands are held,
We've met the roughest seas and then,
By seamanship quite unexcelled,
Escaped the port of Missing-Men.

212

Into the sea because 'tis deep
We've thrown the things that made us weep ;
The "fruitless sorrow" that this life
So often brings to you and me,
With "carking care" and "strenuous strife,"
We've cast into the deepest sea.

213

We wish we had not seen this sight—
Peach bloom and apple blossoms white ;
For when we walk the iron street,
Dull days, sad days, will weigh us down ;
Grim stones for lost things good and sweet
We'll find, when we get back to town.

214

Forget this place, put it aside,
Life is so short, the world so wide ;
Nay, failures are misunderstood ;
If we'd get closer to their side
We much could see there if we would ;
Just see their dreams—know how they tried

215

Our burdened hearts, no longer mock,
But build for us upon the rock.
We'll range no more the realms of air,—
But stoop to life—to glen-bound streams;
Our hope was all too like despair;
Enough,—we've had enough of dreams.

216

We love the stony pasture land
Where old, gray rocks so friendly stand;
With tranquil, contemplative eyes
They seem to watch throughout the year,
And see the frosty stars arise,
The full and slender moons appear.

217

Our yesterdays have made us old;
Tomorrows come—hope's wings unfold;
As past the hills new days are born,
The flame of hope is burning high;
The light is up, but Age forlorn
And Memory together lie.

218

By sad sea waves we've often heard
But ebb and flow of empty word;
(And may the good Lord pardon us
The foolish paths our feet have trod,
Before the devil harden us—
Can we by searching out God?)

219

Great, sculptured hills surround this bay
And bright green isles invite our stay;
But like pink shells that will not cease
Their constant murmur of the sea,
We just sing on without release
Our anthems—like the billows free.

220

Green is the grass in fields that lie
In vales where blue hills kiss the sky;
Cool is the water in the spring
That from yon rocky cavern gushes;
Sweet is the song of birds that sing
Amid the swaying reeds and rushes.

221

In far-off realms of silences,
As voyagers on higher seas,
The larger happiness we sought;
In wider spaces all around,
In brilliant scarf of sunset caught,
Or cradled in a flower, 'twas found.

222

Sail on O ship of ours, 'tis best—
Though often we may yearn for rest;
Sail on O ship of ours, though dark
The way and rough the angry sea;
Our pilot holds the helm, our bark
Is guided though its course is free.

223

O shall we gain eternal streams,
Or wake to find our voyage but dreams?
Or shall we fail as feathery flakes
That fall into the gulping main,
Or phantom strife where one awakes
And finds but dust and smoke remain?

224

Some day our ship aweary, worn,
May sink at sea and we—sky-born,
May never see another shore;
We'll sail serene and unafraid,
Loving our ship, but loving more
The sea for which our ship was made.

225

The script is slow and faint the line is,
But on we go, onward to finis.
Our ship is tired but if we go
Straight forward, every effort bend
Toward achievement this we know:
Whate'er betide we'll reach the end.

226

Oh, speed a shade, refreshing, deep,
Where tired travelers may sleep;
Yet not today, nor tarry now;
There's much to love and much to praise,
With much to see—had we known how;
Not here we'll be "one of these days."

227

We turn again to Nature's breast,
Throw care away and simply rest.
As August casts her spell which makes
The towns and cities desolate,
While throngs, the sea-shore and the lake
And pines and mountains, populate.

228

A song on fragile, failing wing,
Comes near, a song we cannot sing;
But we can gaze and call it fair,
And hail it with a keen delight;
So near its pinions touch our hair;
It gladdens us in dreams of night.

229

Along life's barren wastes each song
Comes to the heart with comfort strong,
Like scent of verdure on the breeze;
The rhythmic voice strange power has
 shown,
As birds make music in the trees,
And wake a joy to them unknown.

230

Strange home-sickness was born when we
Paused to commune with Memory;
We closed our eyes to call it back—
The tedium of the caravan,

The jackals howling on our track,
The wile and sloth of savage man.

231

We saw strange places that we knew :
The Isles of Spice, and Katmandhu ;
And we have trod the burning sands ;
And we have plumed the frozen seas,
Built palaces not made with hands—
Our sails unfurled to every breeze.

232

The moon is touched with golden light,
An orange glow on the marge of night ;
A ripple lisps along the shore,
A voice that speaks from out the gloom
Brings melodies of days no more ;
Within our hearts the roses bloom.

233

Long, long ago we knew this place
And lingered here ; we still can trace
The hollyhocks with fluted blooms
And rosy petals, all the way—
Before us now a vision looms
Of a maid who watched us march that day.

234

Our hearts like flowers that wait the dew,
Thirst for all lovely things and true ;

And when the robin's carol falls,
Or thrushes from the hedge give tone,
We envy, listen to their calls,
And wish we could make them our own.

235

And yet the spirit of content
Brings back the singing and the scent
Of meadow land at dewy prime;
Brings back the roses to the dells;
Brings back the wealth of summer-time,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

236

The gilded evenings calm and late,
When peeping stars bid lovers wait
The memories of happy Spring,
And Autumn's golden, mellow time—
Ah, these more happiness can bring
Than all the wealth that we could rhyme.

237

For all the blessings that are ours
We humbly thank the heavenly powers,
And trust our losses while at sea
May be to each of us but gain;
Our loved ones we still hope to see—
To meet again at Where-and-when.

238

In virtue, though in want, we stand
Upon Confucias' ancient land;
Once we had plenty and to spare,
Now gold and silver have we none;
Yet who so happy as we are—
Ah, who beneath the shining sun?

239

We, garments, fire, and houses bought,
And fed the hungry, ignorance taught,
Until the master said: Indeed
You perfect virtue near attain;
So now though often we're in need,
We give away all that we gain.

240

The night drops down its somber curtain;
Why do we linger here uncertain?
Have we not lived our little day,
A day made merry with our laughter—
And with our little garland gay?
What care we what may come hereafter?

241

Now let us go back where the bloom
Of apple-trees shed their perfume;
Or better still, back to the wildwood,
To live again for one sweet day;
Back where the innocence of childhood
May hold all griefs and cares at bay.

242

Come, let us sniff the sweet, red clover
Of those dear days, now long since over,
And let us play out in the stable,
Where we may once more find the way
That robbers in those days were able
To make their caves in fragrant hay.

243

So let us go, we're tired and weary,
And later years are growing dreary,
Back to the farm we used to know,
Back to the days we loved the best;
For we are tired and weary; so—
Just give us one sweet day of rest.

244

When we arose and saw the dawn;
When Light rode high and Dew was gone,
When Noon lay over flower and tree,
When weary Day turned to her rest,
We from our host sighed to be free,
But lingered like an unloved guest.

245

As prospects seem most bright and sweet,
The road grows rough before our feet,
And makes us pause, to ponder life,
And seek the light that hither wings;
For more and more in all our strife,
We see Futility-of-things.

246

Now it is plain the heavenly spot
Is just the place where we are not;
The present always is to blame;
And ne'er a bog-hole have we found,
That distance had refused to name
A coveted and hallowed ground.

247

There is one quest that calls us still,
Illusively—and ever will;
It lies upon the outer rim;
We vainly strive to reach the place—
Where Known is not, and Seen grows dim,
And Sightless hides from us her face.

248

We've trodden many landscapes bare,
And we have soared the upper air;
With force intense pierced firmaments
To penetrate the unknown sky;
Yet pausing just this side of Whence—
Returning, never seeing Why.

249

So ends our vision of the places
That memory (or fancy) traces:
Strange cities, ruins, mountain passes,
Bright midnight skies that fancy weaves,
And quiet nooks of ferns and grasses,

Flecked with the sunshine through the
leaves.

250

Oh, wondrous charms Sir Pen hath drawn,
Like faces fair as morning dawn!
Such loveliness is not of earth;
Such beauty lives but in the seeming!
Poetic vision is its birth—
Rhapsodic myths, fantastic dreaming!

Battle Hymn of Freedom

(This song is dedicated by permission to the
Secretary of War, the Honorable
Newton D. Baker.)

I

Great army of Freedom, whose banner extended
Has flung to the breeze the standard of
Light,
Whose ensign across the dark waters has
blended
The blush of the day with the stars of the
night,
The spirits of heroes of song and of story
Look down from the battlements guard-
ing the world
To breathe for your Destiny omens of glory
And Freedom eternal in honor imperaled.

2

Proud Liberty's scepter its last jewel finding,
All over the world shall in triumph be
borne,
And the fetters of tyrants the nations long
binding

Shall soon from the feet of the shackled
be torn ;
But the hot blasts of Mars scatt'ring red
bolts of thunder
Are borne from the Hun on the message-
wind's breath—
We'll hear not of Peace nor the blessings
thereunder
Till we put War to sleep in the cradle of
Death.

3

Go forth mighty army relieving your broth-
ers,
The great cause of Right and of Freedom
advance ;
Restore stricken Belgium, Serbia and oth-
ers,
The vandal drive out from the fair fields
of France.
Strike down the Arch-Kaiser and all of his
minions,
The Sultan of Turkey, the Bulgar as well,
And Italy clothe in the folds of your pin-
ions—
The helmet of Austria hurl into hell.

4

Our Cain-branded foes how they falter and
tremble,

Hide in clouds, in the earth, and under the
sea!
How they falter, turn pale, as of Peace they
dissemble,
And presume in their falsehood to Provi-
dence pray!
Blasphemers beware! you've made your red
ocean—
Its waves shall rise up with tumultuous
swell,
And the spirit of Justice, of God's retribu-
tion,
Shall make a red morn on your skull-beach
of Hell.

5

So blest is Columbia in this hour of Duty—
The dimple on which rests the Deity's
smile,
The Queen of the World in her strength and
her beauty,
The Pride of the Skies in her freedom from
guile—
To lift from gaunt faces of high and low sta-
tion
The Pall of Oppression beneath which
they live,
With Love as the scepter and throne of the
nation
And Freedom the crown, that the con-
querors give.

A LITERARY EXCURSION

Pen-Portraits of Literary Artists,
and Incidental Word-Paintings of Nature
Suggested in Many Instances,
by the Artists Themselves

Out of the fields of literature,
Gather the flowers that will endure ;
Weave into garlands of richest bloom
Blossoms diffusing the sweetest perfume.

Here :

Here, in their native shapes and hues,
Has Fancy painted motion-views
Of field and forest, brake and fen,
Of shifting scenes in rapid motion,
The products of the quill and pen
Throughout the literary ocean.
Here, from all places and all time
Are scenes that glow and sounds that chime
Like bells heard in far valleys sweet ;
Quaint fancies musical with rhyme
Like patter of a fairy's feet
And characters in pantomime.

Here, hopes that look from human eyes,
And laughter radiant as the skies,
In garlands of pure phantasy,

May catch the passer's casual look,
And show life's large epitome
Within the limits of a book.

Here, rarest flowers whose beauty seems
Immortal as the soul of dreams,
Diffuse their fragrance through these pages,
Entwine their tendrils with our own,
And shine like stars, throughout the ages,
That in earth's firmament have shone.

Here, scenes are symbols, views are men;
Landscapes, suggested by the pen
Each wielded—or when placed between
Imagination's supple fingers—
Become the multi-picture, seen
As it on Memory's canvas lingers.

Here, listening to the sea's refrain,
Paint on the chambers of the brain
A portrait of each passing view
To treasure for the days to be—
A touch of the Elysian blue
With splendors of the earth and sea.

Here, in the years that are to come
When rainless hills and brooks are dumb,
In memory may billows break
Across a little harbor bar,
Or ripples of some mountain lake
Still glisten to thee from afar.

A LITERARY EXCURSION

Canto I

I

Our boat is launched, its sails unfurled,
To circumnavigate the world.
With every stitch of canvas spread,
And strong and favoring gales to fan it,
Our boat upon its voyage sped
Around the world—but not this planet.

2

We are a merry crew who're bound
A fairer world to sail around;
Not earth and water can compose
Such world as may to us belong—
A world whose continents are prose,
Whose merry isles are isles of song.

3

These fairy regions once were men—
Mere mortals like ourselves—and when,
Transmuted by some alchemy,
Were covered o'er with fruits and flowers
And strewn with gems of purest ray;
Emblems of thoughts of other hours.

4

Unlovely once, the soul laid bare
Of earthly dross, shines wondrous fair;
Light on each stem pure blossoms rest,
Like envoys of a heavenly sphere;
Of all delights the first, the best,
The most to be admired is here.

5

From port to port we're safely brought,
Our boat outspeeding light or thought,
Yet tarrying often days and nights
At some bright isle along the way,
To taste ambrosia, sip delights
And listen to each muse's lay.

6

Yon stately isle, the stateliest name
Our native literature can claim,
Is Emerson. All o'er the ground
Are silver sentences, and deeper,
Golden nuggets of thoughts are found;
But guarded well by Sphinx, the keeper.

7

We anchor next in Irving's land,
Where genial Irving's matchless hand
Hath brightened every tiny nook;
Where histories are flowers and leaves,
And tales are trees, and a Sketch-book
His name in golden letters weaves.

8

Thou poet of Venetian School,
Not rich in thought and yet no fool,
Nat Willis, yes, we'll sail by thee ;
Our grandmamas, in albums pressed
Leaves from thy forests, so may we ;
Yet more with fruit could wish thee blest.

9

Now as we pass along our course
We reach the land where Byron's force
Compels the heart to pause and feel ;
While others teach us how to dare,
And others how the heart to steel ;
Oh, who will strengthen us to bear ?

10

Primeval wood and snowy height
In Bryant charm the ravished sight ;
Majestic in simplicity ;
A luminous, unvarying land,
Whose message, simple though it be,
In its repose, is simply grand.

11

O ! Island that we all well know !
O Henry Wadsworth Longfellow !
O ! Island that we love ; and yet
We'll through thy flowery arbors stray,
And pause just long enough to get
For each of us, one small bouquet.

12

A vast plateau, a fertile land,
With mountain ranges large and grand,
Like utterances of early gods,
Is Bacon with his weighty thought;
A field of wheat that bends and nods,
A garden not of flowers but fruit.

13

We penetrate a wide arcana
Of tragedy and melodrama,
Of the emotions the whole range,
In Balzac—country of the real,
Where, though the prospects ever change,
We ne'er lose sight of the ideal.

14

The gloomy mantle of the night
Has vanished with the morning's light,
And we behold an island bright;
Young Chatterton, we'll visit thee,
And view thee in the broad day-light,
And rest beneath thy willow-tree.

15

A genius, lofty, weird and wild,
A matchless, strange, volcanic isle,
Is Poe, triumphant o'er the tomb.
A meteor flashing through the sky—
He built this lighthouse in the gloom;
We feel the sorrow of his sigh.

16

Immortal, vast, imperial mountain;
Of poetry, majestic fountain!
Thy streams are rapid, strong and free;
Thy sides well-wooded, always vernal;
Thy fame world-wide shall ever be;
The name of Homer is eternal.

17

Island that widest orbit hath
Lies onward in our pleasant path,
Where sighs that issue from the heart,
And radiance from eyes of light,
Intelligence and love impart;
'Tis Dante clothed in splendor bright.

18

Our boat floats on, away, afar,
Beneath the light of morning star,
To Shelley's most serene dominion;
A paradise, a wilderness,
Whence music lifts the Poet's pinion
O'er mountain high and deep abyss.

19

At morn we find us in a strait
That lies outside the garden gate
Of Thomas Moore a plane-tree isle,
Where sweetly founts of water fall
'Mid flowers that never fade; and while
We look, "one flower out-blooms them all."

20

We pass the isle of Robert Burns ;
Three winds blow over it by turns ;
The stifled sigh of mild complaint ;
The gentle breeze of amorous ditty ;
The riotous shout free from restraint ;
Too quickly gone, and more's the pity.

21

To Virgil, purest, best beloved
Of all the islands, we have moved ;
Thick glades on moss-banked river's brink,
A shining plain where slopes descend,
With streams where vernal meadows drink
From snowy heights, at their upper end.

22

An island far, yet far-renowned,
Where rest and safety may be found,
Is Tasso ; may its branches high,
The seas and mountains shadowing—
(Lest blind and cruel gods should spy
Our steps), o'er us its safe shade fling.

23

The moon is high behind the clouds
That float about in silver shrouds ;
The stars of night are shining bright ;
We come to Ossian's lone hill ;
A loud wind echoes through the night ;
The fair ones and the brave are still.

24

A land where burning lava flows
Is Dryden's poetry and prose ;
And yet there is variety,
Abounding strength, and manly vigor ;
So not with impropriety
This isle is ranked a worthy figure.

25

New hills and mountains still arise ;
The prospect tires the waiting eyes ;
For how shall we the world survey ?
We next pass Alexander Pope.
The glowing labor of the way
Will charm (nor weary) us—we hope.

26

Like many islands grouped in one,
Is brightly jeweled Tennyson.
The morn has left her crimson bed
And donned her robe of purest blue ;
Her amber locks with roses red
Are crowned—the roses gathered new.

27

This is the island, this the name,
Where Edmond Spenser lives by fame ;
He wrote his name upon this strand ;
At first the waves washed it away ;
The Muses came at his command,
And stamped his virtues here to stay.

28

Far to the right an isle ascends,
Bright as the summer it extends;
The woods in gay theatric pride,
With homes and temple-tops between,
All deck the slope of mountain-side;
'Tis Goldsmith—grandeur marks the scene.

29

Ah! this is Blackstone's native land;
But at the tyrant's stern command,
Forsaken; he compelled to roam
Through thorny fields of fact and law;
An endless exile from his home
How crowds and smoky cities draw!

30

And this is Roger's little vale;
Here he composed his well-told tale,
Oft told to every villager.
Here squirrels leap from tree,
And ring-doves build and murmur here;
No mountain ranges here we see.

31

With silent awe we hail the morn;
A calm on every breeze is borne;
A murmur echoes from the hill—
'Tis Leyden's land of heath we see,
With aged orchards living still,
And golden apples on the tree.

32

We see an island large and fair,
And "Coleridge" is written there.
There is a fountain strong and clear;
And, 'neath a rose-roofed, ruined shed,
We read the Ancient Mariner
And hear what the great talker said.

33

Blest land of Whittier's hallowed song
Where holiest of memories throng;
Thou champion of those who groan,
Beneath thy shades all men are free.
Thy memory will still live on;
The hearts of many are with thee.

34

Clasped by the golden light of morn,
The isle where Thomas Hood was born
Is seen. As minted coins express
The value of the shining ore,
These autumn flowers are the dress—
The ripened mind, the summer store.

35

The place where Southey lived we passed;
Where'er our casual eyes were cast,
We saw the mighty minds of old;
With him conversed a night and day,
Or listened while of scenes he told,
Which, like a shadow, passed away.

36

Far in the chambers of the west
The winds had sighed themselves to rest ;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
As the rich dale of Walter Scott
Was seen, but soon to disappear—
'Twill not so quickly be forgot.

37

Unfading isle ! Land more sublime
Than Campbell is unknown to rhyme.
His youth begun, was not to fade
With coming of the Winter's snow,
But it will go on, undismayed,
While generations come and go.

38

Far in this wild unknown to view
Parnell's "the reverend hermit" grew ;
Here all was calm, serene repose,
Till winds of skepticism blew
And doubts of Providence arose ;
Banks, trees and skies are lost to view.

39

There, pillowed on a bed of flowers
That crowns a cliff which proudly towers
Above the ocean waves is Keats ;
On one side ocean's blue is seen ;
On one side fields of drooping wheat
With scarlet poppies thick between.

40

Now let us range a little while—
Sad luxury—a gloomy isle;
And yet it is a welcome shade.
Nor wing, nor other vehicle,
Has e'er to bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer soul than Thomas Tickell.

41

The night retires; young day comes on;
The prospects widen with the dawn;
Blue through the dusk, the currants shine;
And, from the bladed fields of corn,
A hare leaps awkward by a vine—
'Tis Thompson's land at early morn.

42

Content within the humble shade
Of Dyer, we our wishes laid;
For while the waves may madly roll
And currents beat the upper air
To banish quiet from the soul,
Here all is tame and free from care.

43

This great, though melancholy plain
Is Samuel Johnson's wide domain.
A frame of steel, a soul of fire,
He wrote, not with a timid hand
That dangers, fright or labors tire,
His name upon this silver strand.

44

Now as the golden morn aloft
Arouses us with whispers soft,
Behold! see Gray's poetic mountain,
With inspiration all around;
Where every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmurs a deep and solemn sound.

45

Where the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain;
Tobias Smollett's hapless ground;
Where peace is banished, laurels torn;
We pause a moment, look around,
And with the smoky ruins mourn.

46

To Cowper's isle we lift our eyes,
Nor would exchange these sullen skies
For fairer fields of flower and vine.
Still lull our spirits while you fill
With golden fruit each willing mind—
With all your faults we love you still.

47

Neglected now this island lies;
Where Bloomfield bloomed, no more is
prized.
Advancing time has spread abroad
So many islands better known.

With flowers of sweeter fragrance stored,
The shepherd isle is left alone.

48

Now to yon golden eastern isle
In Persian gulf, an isle worth while.
'Tis Omar, that large "infidel."
An island equal to the sun—
Since Fitzgerald divinely well
Its landscape has improved upon.

49

In these cold shades, beneath these skies
Where Fancy sickens, Genius dies,
And feeble are the Muses' strains,
Where few with ardor wake the strings,
Where none have frenzy in their veins—
'Tis here that William Gifford sings.

50

Oh, loftier than cliffs and towers
And mightier than poms and powers,
We see these islands stretching back.
How real! how wonderful they seem!
Each on the bright, immortal track,
The glory of a deathless dream.

Canto II

51

Oh, never isles to mortal view
Appeared like those to which we flew.
In Hogg's low vale of storied heaven—
Where heaven's blue gates with sapphires
 glow—
That land to human spirits given—
We looked down on the world below.

52

While raging clouds on high are riding
Stars set, and wintry moonshine hiding,
O'er foaming mountain waves we go;
At length an arbor we have found;
'Tis sweetly calm and safely low—
We rest on James Montgomery's ground.

53

Here, where the waves have ceased their
 roar,
The waters woo the pebbly shore,
Where all is calm, serene and holy,
Unnumbered flowers are blossoming;
It is the peaceful land of Croley.
In Asia no such colors spring.

54

We will not cast this flower away,
For it is lovely, though not gay;
'Twas gathered on a little isle;
This little flower, faded flower,
Was plucked to treasure afterwhile,
In Mrs. Southey's gentle bower.

55

Green be the turf above this isle,
Greene Halleck; Fitz, we feel thy smile.
Our childhood friend, the turf above thee
Rest gently, for in other days,
None ever knew *thee* but to love thee,
None named thee but thy name to praise.

56

To Thackeray's thorny land we came,
And watched the smoke that hid the flame.
And yet we could discern the face,
And feel the touch; although his hand
Lay cold in ours, we still had grace
To read his words, and understand.

57

We see a meadow and a stream;
A dream it seems within a dream,
That dimly sight or thought defines.
Nathaniel Hawthorne is the name
We see upon those hill-top pines;
The vision leaves us as it came.

58

With reverence we pause awhile
At Felicia D. Heman's Isle,
And mourn with her, that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her, too soon, with all her merit,
Now sunk into a dreamless sleep.

59

Is this Letitia Landon's isle?
Shall spring return to thee and smile
With leaves, and buds, and wild wood songs?
Ah! here that sweetest, tearful lore
That cadensed poesy breathing throngs,
In womanly gushes comes no more.

60

Our great ancestor, Sydney Smith,
The tallest wit we've yet met with!
The waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare descendants' minstrel story;
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain mists reflect his glory.

61

We pass the old, here comes the new;
Regard him as he comes to view;
'Tis Lytton, a familiar face.
He killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos; yet we trace
No roar of lion in his noise.

62

This singer, courteous, debonair,
Was Nature's darling, strong and fair.
Here slumber in the forest shade,
Great Lowell; every gift was thine.
Here live while summers bloom and fade,
And Memory guards thy leafy shrine.

63

As o'er the wave our boat still roams,
We come to Oliver Wendell Holmes;
And at his isle we pause to see
Through earth's dull mists, the coming
dawn;
And mark the last leaf on the tree—
(Though some had said that it was gone.)

64

The children claim her for their own,
This happy, guileless isle well-known.
In Alcott, children imps and elves,
Beheld as in a looking-glass,
Are just reflections of ourselves
Before the changeful years did pass.

65

Oh, Mary Tighe, 'tis sweet to hear
Thy song of love, to Psyche dear.
Although there's sorrow in the song,
Thy voice be neither strong nor deep,

These glorious bowers of earth belong
To one with whom we still can weep.

66

Swift, why should we thy presence hail?
To thee no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the
 rose
Can waft sweet odors to the skies.
Where such transcendent beauty glows,
Some sweet incense should still arise.

67

On, on we move, upon the wave
To the vast regions of the Grave,
Where Blair produced these blossoms sweet,
In mild repose from earthly strife;
(The Grave is Heaven's golden gate)
These blossoms of eternal life.

68

With mountains circling every side,
A little isle in the ocean wide,
That says, No coward soul is mine,
Or tremblings in this troubled sphere.
'Tis Charlotte Bronte. Heaven's glories
 shine
Where faith shines arming against fear.

69

Many suns have set and shone,
Many springs have come and gone,
Many things are past, but thou,
Singing clearly as of old,
Robert Herrick singeth now,
And thy numbers are of gold.

70

Passed in a moment, passed away,
The finest island seen today;
'Tis Arnold; Matthew Arnold, whence
Gleamed stars that guide, on eyes that shine.
O, masterful intelligence;
High-priest of Beauty's inmost shrine.

71

Here's Helen Jackson, wise and good,
In love with Nature's very mood.
Uplifts in vain its fleeting sign
No frailest flower of the wood;
And here each mast-tree's blaze benign,
And Sylvan lore is understood.

72

Stars wheeling proudly seem to know,
With pine-woods and loved winds that blow,
That this is Paul H. Hayne; for lo!
In requiem around his home
They sing while seasons come and go.
He loved them—to his own has come.

73

A wondrous land so calm and mild;
Though great yet humble as a child,
Is Isaac Newton, far above
Those petty cares that only can
Perplex impassioned hearts of love,
And cheat the every-trusting man.

74

Stay, traveler, and hasten not,
For here contented with his lot,
Is one who lives for truth alone—
A scholar he—"the modest Doc";
With luster uniform has shown
The brilliant genius of Locke.

75

Here is a land that seemeth new,
A wild-flower land still wet with dew
Of eastern world; 'tis Cooper's land;
The Indians are daubed with red;
White men and women form a band
Of "clothes on sticks"—by one 'twas said.

76

We reach an island once well-known;
These nuggets all were Cowley's own.
He melted not the ancient gold;
Though not from Rome alone but Greece,
Like Jason he was sometimes bold,
And with him brought a golden fleece.

77

A lowly vale yet none doth hold
More pleasant tales for young and old,
Nor ever can there elsewhere be
Than M. J. Holmes ; O verse, go forth—
A needless task—for does she see?
But, breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.

78

Here in a clime where others fail
Anne Proctor's silver hymns prevail
O'er weariness ; and as we go
To otherwhere we'll need these strains,
Still sounding true albeit low ;
Ah ! steps to thrones are often pains !

79

In Dickens we explored the maze
That ages hardened ; trod the ways
Where sorrow tracks and quickens sin—
To culprits raise, bid fetters fall,
And draw forth music from the din ;
Undying kindred to us all.

80

Ben Jonson's lawns, with dance divine,
Shine yet as they were wont to shine ;
Nor less, high-stationed on the heights
Of crags full-faced against the storm,
High-thoughted sears by heaven's lights
Converse ; by muses' fires keep warm.

81

A southland isle contains a bird
With haunting song that must be heard.
Sydney Lanier, we hear thy song,
Dawn-spirit, once so far away,
Thou fillest the void between us long,
With music of immortal lay.

82

This is the isle, this the whole land,
Of brave Josiah Gilbert Holland;
Here is the dross, and here the gold,
Just as he lived, and wrought among us;
The truths he taught, the tales he told,
And here the heart-songs that he sung us.

83

We see through Rhine-lands purple vines,
O'er Nubia's sands, by mountain pines,
The gentle pilgrim troubadour
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
'Tis Bayard Taylor, loved, secure,
And welcomed often to our hearth.

84

George Eliot, we see thy face;
A star that altereth not its place;
A voice we hear like softest notes
Of dulcimer when played with ease,
Or music from the song birds' throats,
Or zephyrs over summer seas.

85

Thomas Carlyle, though dead and gone,
Here in this land is living on.
Let critics still refuse to love
And still against thy fame combine,
The fairest love 'neath heaven above,
That love, that sympathy, was thine.

86

Here, Ruskin, on resplendent page,
Caught silver stars, the storm's red rage,
The spray of springs, rocks gray with age,
Athena gold, white Alpine snow,
Green forests and blue skies, O sage,
Thy lamps with all the colors glow.

87

This isle, a roving, wandering one,
Is Robert Louis Stevenson.
Loved of all lands, yet his the boast
Of birth-right; blood from which he came;
He, resting, roams from coast to coast,
But cares alone for filial fame.

88

Dante Rosetti! Here we gaze
On an old friend of younger days.
His voice still thrills, as few can thrill,
When music storms the heart and brain.
The sea, the moon, these woods, this hill,
And love, all say: He lives again.

89

Hail and farewell! Through sunset glowing,
We watch thy shores as we are going.
We pause—sail forth without a star.
In golden hours we'll think of thee,
Dear Henley, cross the soundless bar:
Once, our ship's goodly company.

90

We anchor now at Thomas Pringle,
And ride with him far in the jungle;
Where 'mid the desert brown and wide—
Still farther from the haunts of men,
Rocks, reeds and verdure are descried;
We view with him the lions' den.

91

The later Thompson reached at last!
(Better, perhaps, it had been passed).
Amid the dangers of the night
We traveled its dark maze in vain;
But, one way leads from it aright;
We left, ne'er to go back again.

92

John Wilson's isle! Could we but see
Thy vision as it used to be!
Vain wish! Too frail to breast the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That make the rainbow's radiant form,
Or paint the bird of Paradise.

93

Now to the isle of crabbed Crabbe,
Where gorse and marsh, and sea-weeds blab ;
Where "waters on the shingles rolled."
Yet, not alone the gloomy view ;
Here are some sands of finest gold,
And morning's roses wet with dew.

94

Where giant oaks wave branches dark,
And dwarf moss cling upon their bark,
And beaux and beauties crowd the grove—
Erasmus Darwin's love-sick isle ;
Here even flowers fall in love
And plants with kisses hours beguile.

95

O Samuel Butler, we'll not blame
If Hudibras disclose its flame—
In its own ashes it designed,
We know, forever to have lain,
But that our sighs like blasts of wind
Have made it break out once again.

96

Where fragments of immortal fire,
With rubbish mixed of base desire,
Still glorious, glitters in the dust—
The Isle of Edward Young doth glow
With everlasting truth and trust
Through gloomy recesses of woe.

97

And is this Harriet Martineau?
A glimpse of thee before we go.
Thy shore though turning out statistics,
Still interesting and good and frank;
Although not puzzling to the mystics
We'll give to thee a worthy rank.

98

Where fields are green the whole year long;
Walt Whitman's Isle. A draught of song,
A rhymer's cup from earth's delight,
That Spring distills most sweet and strong,
We quaff with thee. Too fine for sight,
In viewless air the visions throng.

99

Now sailing o'er the angry wave,
Before us lies an open grave—
Deep longing fills the sailor's soul;
But lo! Behind yon purple haze,
Where seas before the dim sight roll,
A higher view has caught our gaze.

100

We seem to near a better strand,
A happy, free and hopeful land,
A peaceful haven calm and clear;
Now o'er our heads are tempests hoarse;
We swell the sail without a fear;
Now billows check the sailor's course.

Canto III

101

Full sail we fly! How quickly veered!
Look, for our fury's to be feared!
While hoarse winds groan our rigging
through,
The moon in streaks the waves illumines;
The sea a silvery shade with blue,
In gentle motion raised, assumes.

102

In Walter Savage Landor's Vale,
We pause and read a wondrous tale—
In lofty thought, which shall remain;
His name engraven by his hand—
Harsh criticisms, not sustained,
Shall not, with all their blazonry, stand.

103

We find a valley few have seen,
Where voyagers have rarely been,
Where love is warm and youth is young,
In H. D. Thoreau's island fair.
Here poetry is yet unsung
And freely breathes its native air.

104

Maccauly, tuneful, eloquent,
A day with thee may be well spent;
No joy or sorrow in thy song;
No lofty cliffs on either bank;
But many heroes here belong—
We see them rise where they once sank.

105

On Hervey's lonely hill at night!
The moon comes out with pale, sad light;
The far-off stars are all like dreams,
And all the breezes are like sighs;
A voice comes from distant streams
Like T. K.'s spirit's low replies.

106

Adah I. Menken, lowly spot,
Always unknown and now forgot—
Yet others gathered from this "dirt"
The gems to build themselves a name;
For instance Hood's "Song of the shirt,"
And witness Hood's immortal fame.

107

Ye woods where Aesop saw and heard
The pranks of butterfly and bird,
And in the lion and the frog—
In all the life of moor and fen,
In ass and peacock, stork and dog—
He saw similitudes of men.

108

A shell upon the murmuring sea,
A jewel carved most curiously,
A little picture painted well,
A tear from hidden ecstasy
Is Gilder, but alas! ah, me!
Sometimes a heavy, tolling bell.

109

Far out at sea, the sun was high,
We saw a snow-white butterfly;
Away he sped with shimmering glee,
Scarce seen, now lost, yet onward borne;
Night came, with wind and rain, and he
No more was seen—at Henry Horn.

110

Upon the narrow beach we sit
At Thaxter—just a little bit—
While o'er our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.

111

The waves were white, and red the morn,
To Barry Cornwall we were borne;
The whales they whistled, porpoises rolled
And ne'er was heard such outcry wild;
The dolphins bared their backs of gold
In welcome to the ocean child.

112

Our boat upon the waves goes free
To William Ellery Channing—see?
The blasts may rave, but, spread the sail,
Our spirits wrest the power from winds;
We fear no whirl of any gale;
The gray clouds yield to sunny minds.

113

Yon isle behold through moonlit air,
Hans Christian Anderson still fair;
The stars shine out above our path,
The music wakes through all the skies;
What other isle such triumphs hath?
What mortal such unshrinking eyes?

114

As twilight falls more near and clear,
The tender southern skies appear,
And down the slopes of blooming green,
Where prayful figures worship low
We see the land of Evaleen—
'Tis Stein the bard of Mexico.

115

Oh, what avails the hurried race
Thy form to see, thy shores to trace,
Rose Aylmer, whom our wakeful eyes
May weep, but never hope to see—
A night of memories and sighs
We still may consecrate to thee.

116

Still drifting onward through the night
We came to Franklin ; with delight,
We rested on his bank of thought,
And listened till our very soul
The voices of the waves had caught,
And knew the meaning of their roll.

117

All round us lie the dark, broad seas,
Ahead is Heber ; blow ye breeze !
The lights now twinkle from the rocks
The slow moon climbs up in the sky,
And lights up fields and folds, and flocks
That on the grassy hillside lie.

118

The hollow winds begin to blow
The clouds are heavy now with snow,
Anon, the snow begins to fall
Out of the arched, leaden sky,
And busily it covers all
The isle of Halpine—by and by.

119

Fast flew our shallop, sails distended,
The sea with misty light was blended,
The east grew white, the east grew red ;
Toward Ivanovich Tutches inclining,
The east grew fire, we onward sped,

Till stars like jewels in heaven were shining.

120

Now with an aimless step and slow,
O'er Northern hills and slopes we go
To Robert Gilbert Walsh, and there
The uplands to the lowlands speak,
And Thessaly, they all declare,
Exceeds Olympia's snowy peak.

121

In Clinton Scollard we alight
And view his garden in the night,
Forget the garishness and glare,
The parching meadows, shrunken streams,
And in the glamor of the air
Of magic, give ourselves to dreams.

122

A blue sky, pink of blooming trees,
With fragrance floating on the breeze,
Is Hilda Hawthorne; blossoming bough
And flower and breath of happy spring,
With joy and mirth, so welcome now,
For us no more these shores may bring.

123

The threatening of the hurricane,
The gentle breeze in primrose lane,

The roar of cataracts that start,
The echoing depths—all seem the same
In Louise Sill, for in the heart
A bell tolls, ever more—one name.

124

Hast ever known such isle to be,
Such shine of sun and answering sea,
As Mildred I. McNeal? Each mile,
Viewed from the soul's wide-windowed
tower,
Of meadow grove and field doth smile
Forth into early-blossoming flower.

125

The drift-clouds rise, the stars hang low
As we to Daskam's islet go.
What is the look? How should we see
For all the air is silver gray
Though here and there appears a tree
Whose top is glinted with star-spray.

126

Now as the morning mists arise
Distilling incense to the skies,
And purple clouds, with vapory grace
Around the sun their soft veil fling,
We view thy gentle, beaming face
And fragrant shades, Gustav Solling.

127

An aching, blinding, barren plain,
Brush-hairy, shining after rain,
Is Stetson, 'neath the sky's hot scorn
Still burning back against the sky;
Slow-crawling streams are onward borne
From somber hills that far-off lie.

128

The rapture of the hills shall be
Blent with the heart-break of the sea;
Our drooping sails now seek the ground—
To Robert Cameron Rogers move,
Where roses, without thorns, are found,
To deck the brows of those we love.

129

In woods of William Hayne—alone!
The heart of Spring beats with our own;
We share the odor of the leaf,
The balsam of the vine and tree;
We leave behind dull care and grief
And revel with the bird and bee.

130

When Hate's strong waves had reached the
soul,
And on its tide we lost control,
We drifted into Dangerfield;
But in that poppied realm there lies

Sweet herbs that balmy soothing yield—
While we the wiser course devise.

131

Amid the roar of windy sea,
With H. S. Morris to our lee,
We view that land of mid-year green,
The land where sunshine meets the fog
Save for some cliffs that lie between;
All-silent save the croaking frog.

132

Katrina Trask, thy skies are blue,
Thy landscape green—thy world is new;
The roses in the garden bloom,
And murmurs there the mating dove;
Our hearts in tune with flowering June—
May we walk through thy "garden, Love?"

133

An isle of beauty and of song
Is Theodosia;—overlong
We linger, gaze with reverent eyes;
It sheds its beauty luminous
Not for itself, we realize,
Its joy and beauty are for us.

134

How futile and how fugitive
The bubbles are for which we strive!

Until we saw sweet Susie Best,
Nor till beyond our yearning eyes—
We did not know how we were blest—
How beautiful is Paradise.

135

We passed at night the island where
At Spofford once her crew did stir;
And by the shadow of a wood,
Soft in the moonlight flows a stream;
And shining there the shad-bush stood,
A slim ghost dreaming some deep dream.

136

O'er ocean more divinely free
Than the Pacific's drainless sea,
We're swept by an enchanted oar;
A dreamless peace our thoughts enfolds,
'Mid silence stiller than the shore,
Until we reach the land of Knowles.

137

In Francis Samuel Meadows' brakes
The soul once more to music wakes;
The vision vanishes, and then
The noisy tumult fills our ears;
And in each heart we hear the strain,
And in our eyes we feel the tears.

138

The sun hangs burning in the west,
Our boat treads onward with unrest
To Hester Bancroft where the throng
An endless hour stamp on the sands,
And, through the white-hot air, so long,
Hear strident voices shriek commands.

139

The murmurings of the evening breeze,
Through clustered bloom of April trees,
Invite us to the island green
Of S. K. Wiley ; like a dream
Appear the darkening shadows lean
And rippling of the shallow stream.

140

The moon on far horizon lies,
The stars come out of unknown skies ;
We float on Mason's placid streams,
Where star-lit zephyrs are the wand
To waft us through the land of dreams
To drowsier spaces still beyond.

141

Katharine Pearson Woods is hid
High up a leafy hill, amid
All flowers that grow, all winds that blow ;
To reach which we have need of wings—
We trace the pathway winding slow
And hear the music that she sings.

142

Ah! there are tears in Chadwick's eyes—
The dew all night expectant lies;
But oh! what laughter when once more
The sun shines, spring brings mating time;
And what delight when on the shore
We hear Joy's immemorial chime!

143

Joy lies along the sterile sand,
Where sorrow saddens all the land
In Sterling; still, how fondly prized
Is Pleasure's foam—unduly dear!
Its very touch unrealized
To hands unwarmed, till lo! a tear.

144

Here are the folds of Colton's Hills,
And here his rivers and his rills;
Here, spectral birches slim and white—
While faint the cries of night arise,
Stand wide apart in dim moonlight;
And stars are out in companies.

145

With vagrant dreams the whole night
through,
We slept until a bugle blew,
Arousing us at early dawn;
Across the still November frost

We saw a phantom army drawn—
Shipwrecked on Beattie's Bloody-Coast.

146

Then as the stars above our head
Shine on the eyes of sleeping dead,
We march through Clifford's fields of war,
Till, past the harvests of the slain
We meet the winds that blow from far—
That sing, as we, of fight again.

147

The river bears us to the sea
As flowers lose to dower the bee;
On Becker we had paid with tears
For laughter, pain for cherished breath,
And buying courage with our fears,
Gave life—almost—for peace in death.

148

Though darkness hangs on field and tarn
The cock crows loud from yard and barn
Of Byer's Land; no saddened note
Has ever in this land been sung;
No ring-dove moan is in the throat
Of him whose heart is always young.

149

Caressed by gales of sweet perfume
O'er tropic seas and fields of bloom,

To F. D. Sherman's Isle we go
To see his quaint, ancestral loom
Weave fabrics faultlessly and slow
Amid the dusk of twilight gloom.

150

Now from the sea's deeps faintly pealing
Afar-off bells strange tales revealing
Rise from enchanted towers below—
As from the heart's deep, gently stealing,
We hear the bell-notes sad and slow—
Drowned wrecks of hope the waves conceal-
ing.

Canto IV

151

We visit next some beauteous isles
On which the light of heaven smiles—
All strange to members of our crew;
Anonymous; still we admire;
Their names no mariner e'er knew,
And yet their forms cannot expire

152

The name is lost, yet still remains
These long, unbroken mountain chains;
Sweet lakes lie sleeping in their arms;
The fleet-foot wanderer of the waste
Still roams among these deathless charms,
And hunters here pursue their chase.

153

Old castles on these hills arise
Proudly towering to the skies;
We see the beams Apollo sheds;
They glitter on the broken rocks
And on the yellow mountains' heads
And gild the fleeces of their flocks.

154

Still gaudy as the opening dawn,
Here lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill steep and high,
Whose sides are clothed with waving wood,
Still holds and charms the wandering eye,
Delights, and warms the wanderer's blood.

155

Dim rolls yon distant sun-bathed hills
Decked with a thousand lace-like rills
With many a cataract of foam;
But here throughout an evening long
We sit at Mr. Wilson's home
And hear a hoarse frog sing its song.

156

Our spacious boat, the sea-goer went
Toward an ancient island bent.
'Mid swelling billows, coldest storm
Of north-winds fierce, and darkening sky,
Our vessel drave, till cliffs that form
The isle Beowulf we did descry.

157

Ours was, indeed, a sorry plight
Until at length we came in sight
Of Cynewulf; then e'en from the deck,
We saw grace would be given to save us;
Instead of our expected wreck,
A quiet haven there they gave us.

158

We stood on heights where Normans old
Encamped with banners fringed with gold;
Saw visions, Fancy still inspires,
And heard the minstrels, harp in hand,
That marshalled our chivalrous sires;
And sang with them songs of Roland.

159

The milk-white way, in frosty night
Appears less fair than to our sight
These fields and groves and sweetest bow-
ers
Of Peele—with lilies on the banks,
In streams, and multi-colored flowers
Like blazing comets all in ranks.

160

Beneath hawthorn or poplar tree,
Where Phoebus must delight to be,
Beside the cowslip, summer's queen,
And double daisy and the rest,

We sat upon the isle of Greene
And felt we were a welcome guest.

161

These bushes that were once so green
Are bare, and scarce a leaf is seen
And here the black-bird and the thrush,
That made these woods of Breton ring,
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note for us they sing.

162

No bird was heard in any tree,
No flower bloomed that we could see,
Upon the isle that once was thee,
O Wolfe; thy "Burial of Moore,"
Thy precious fruit, now seems to be
But wafted from a foreign shore.

163

Christina Rossetti, sure we
Will not forget our meeting thee.
We almost let thee slip away
Too blind we were, almost, to see,
Too deaf to hear all thou didst say—
Too dull to mark thy budding tree.

164

O pine-tree on the lonely height,
'Mid snow-flakes, swathed in folds of white,

Still dreaming of thine own palm-tree
In far-off southern sunrise land,
Great Heine, she silent sings of thee
Upon her burning bank of sand.

165

A wild moon rides from cloud to cloud,
With mirth in raiment like a shroud,
And views Tom Middleton, whose deeds
High conscience lights or puts to shame.
Pure gypsy flowers with poisonous weeds—
Such mingled trophies crown his name.

166

Ingenious dreamer's well-known vale!
Sweet fiction and sweet truth prevail
In Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress; while
Strong sense, with humorous vein may teach
The gayest, make the gravest smile,
His tale may still earth's wanderers reach.

167

A double isle of purest sense
With foliage of eloquence—
Beaumont and Fletcher in whose veins,
A fountain flows; each drop of it
Is bubbling with the sweetest strains
Or glittering with the brightest wit.

168

Drayton, sweet, ancient bard here sung;
And with his praise these valleys rung;
His muse o'er all these mountains rode;
This is the treasure of his fame;
Each river warbled where it flowed,
In praise of Michael Drayton's name.

169

Now naught is heard beneath the skies
Save lamentations, groans and sighs,
Which issue from yon lonely pile
Which once was Mickel's lordly hall;
We pause, survey the ruins while
The ghostly fears our crew appall.

170

The ocean like a rolling stream,
Now bears us on as in a dream,
Under the shadow of the throne,
Where Watts dwelt with the saints secure;
Sufficient his defense alone—
The refuge of his port was sure.

171

The heavens are bright, our boat may take
Its course to Joseph Rodman Drake,
The home of elf and culprit fay,
And katydid with gauzy wings—
Still of his native land for aye
He patriotically sings.

172

To Marvel's isle almost unknown—
Yet far more marvelous than our own—
Was our small boat then pushed along,
And o'er the waste of watery ways,
The listening winds received our song,
What should we do but sing his praise?

173

Faint voices fill the western breeze,
Like chimes they flow o'er shining seas
From those dear dells of Sigerson
As morn delights the meads in May;
Ah! sweet as honey in the comb,
The golden Shores of Far Away!

174

The gathering clouds around we viewed
The day grew dark; still we pursued
Our voyage till we'd safely passed,
In stormy wind and angry tide,
Through every conflict save our last—
At Robert Grant we almost died.

175

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Jean Ingelow where varied shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry;
A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen at rest, we see.
Low by the rush and sword-grass stooping.

176

Our boat is floating far away
To T. Buchanan Read today.
Oh, happy boat! oh, happy crew!
We soar with atmospheric wings;
We sail as other voyagers do;
But still we soar and still we sing.

177

The waters know our course and draw
Us onward with unerring law
To Burrough's bravely waiting isle;
But tidal wave upon the sea
Nor other force e'en for awhile
Could keep our bark away from thee.

178

Still on the raging seas we rode,
The waters yawned, winds rudely "blowed;"
Deep horrors all our vitals froze;
'Twas near the isle of H. K. White;
Then suddenly the stars arose
And all the heavens were clear and bright.

179

Where fountains play 'mid burning sands
And rivers shine through thirsty lands,
Is Doddridge—view the lovely scene;
Where thorns and pointed brambles grew,
We see new grass of living green
And gayest flowers forever new.

180

There are no colors in the skies
As fair as those where Walton lies.
He traces here lives of good men
With quill dropped from an angel's wing;
We copy as we can, and then
This tribute to his memory bring.

181

John Oldham lately little known
We're half inclined to call our own.
O generous fruits plucked ere their time,
O brow with ivy wreath yet bound;
Hail and farewell! Maturing time
Can ne'er encompass thee around.

182

We sat with Kingsley in the breeze
Beneath the shade of whispering trees;
And now together sit we dreaming
Upon the sward of sheep-trimmed down,
And watch the white mist softly gleaming
And stealing over mead and town.

183

Could any island be more sweet
Than this one lying at our feet?
Here Swineburne gives all he can give,
And if he could he would give more;
But here is love to help us live,
And songs that spur us, too, to soar.

184

Here sensitive and proud and strong,
Still fierce to flame with sense of wrong,
Is Hugo, fronting waves of fate,
Transmuted in his Island home—
Not exiled, yet with soul elate
Is sending songs o'er rolling foam.

185

Within this island Stedman lies,
The bloom of spring within his eyes
Still rich with thoughtfulness of age
And strong in hopefulness of youth;
Still quick to feel and to acknowledge
The touch of beauty or of truth.

186

Here is the isle where Aldrich read
And watched the fire of Fancy shed
Bright hues on pictures blue and red.
He skipped the longer words and took,
'Mid deeper things more simply said,
His happy way with dreamful look.

187

O! Island of the western seas,
Perhaps the world upon its knees
May ne'er invoke thy wealth and worth,
Rhyme on upon those "broken strings;"
O Joaquin Miller, bring us mirth,
And tears, and other pleasant things.

188

Harsh rattles thrash the air aside
And tumbling sounds o'er breakers ride;
Arrived at Nina Layard—Hush!
Our ears awake—we hear no sound;
White-feathered flakes our windows brush,
'Mid silence deep, unbroke, profound.

189

Through Aldis Dunbar's wilderness—
A garden once, now flowerless—
We went, and marveled that no word
Of withered leaves or path o'ergrown,
Or wonder, or regret, we heard —
Then we returned from it alone.

190

'Tis not the twilight—'tis the dawning
And fairer grow the hills; 'tis morning
On Harriet W. Fairbank's shore;
Shades vanish in the rising ray,
And vaster grows the world before;
We're pressing on toward the day.

191

'Tis Moody; smell the fresh, green meadows
And see the sweets that hide in shadows;
The music of the hidden thrush
Hear in the tangle of the trees,
With lullaby of winds that hush
Green little leaves and drone of bees.

192

There are no sounds of any feet,
Or automobiles in the street
Of Higgins—still and beautiful;
It is a place we are glad to see—
The air is always fresh and cool;
Though some are not so glad as we.

193

Amid the stress of strenuous fate
That comes to all or soon or late,
We met swart seamen of the hill
And heard them their swcet tale relate
Of burdens banished, hopes that thrill—
'Twas Garrison—(we pause to state).

194

We sailed upon the desert sea,
Where days alone we seemed to be;
At last we saw a vague line rise
And grow until it wore the shape
Of promontory; we surmise
'Twas W. D. Howell's Cape.

195

When sick with sailing and with dreams,
And of the town's sharp, fretful streams
Of jarring sounds—a spacious calm
We found in Ragsdale; spicery
Was shed from dusky pines, like balm
On souls that ached for sympathy.

196

At Pinkney's port our flag was furled
That we had waved around the world;
Our white barque sought the land of dreams,
The silent land of love's report;
Each home-sick voyager it seems
Is glad to find such quiet port.

197

Majestic isle of liberty,
Serene, upon the chaste, white sea!
When Freedom's voice was hushed, and
doubt
Stalked through the night in vestments dire,
Could Beecher rest? He must speak out,
His tongue was touched with sacred fire.

198

Above the pines the moon is drifting;
Beyond, Harte's Mountains are uplifting
Their minarets of snow; where holly,
With oak and laurel leaves are twined,
Oh, deem it not presumptuous folly
To place a spray of Western pine.

199

Now gently falls the fading light
While dusky grows the wavering flight
Of Whip-poor-Will and Old-Bob-White—
The grain is bound; the nuts are brown

Upon the upland wooded height;
It is the land of Gunnison.

200

Ours is a ship for no man's scorning.
Down through the dull shot silver morning,
Behold our flag the torn mists lining!
There is no shore the seas unfolding,
No island where the sun is shining,
But we shall see, shall soon be holding.

Canto V

201

Awake, O Boat, thou must not crawl
Like creatures pitifully small
Upon earth's surface; Morning sings;
Forgetful of the dreary night
We've spent at Coates, we feel our wings,
And bathe our being in the light.

202

Down where the yellow vines are creeping
Lies Captain Goldsack Sharp a-sleeping;
There where the yellow bay is leaking
Through dead men's bones and tangle-weed
We've watched Old Goldsack, seeking, seeking,
What was he seeking?—What, indeed?

203

When we were sad, almost repining,
We came to where the sun was shining
On Kiser-Land, and for an hour
We shouted loud with voices gay,
For fortune then was ours and power ;
‡ We laughed and danced as the care-free may.

204

At Jessica H. Lowell, still,
One standing by the window sill
Looks o'er a world of blue and gray,
And listens to the dropping rain,
Or winds that drive the mists away,
Enjoying life, although shut in.

205

Beyond the wonder and the ache,
Beyond the hush of moonlit lake,
Is Ella Barker, sound asleep.
Ah! Slumber, lone world's mystery!
Oh! Beauty at whose awe we weep
With plentitude of ecstasy!

206

In moss-pranked dells where sunbeams flat-
ter,
(Whate'er that means is no great matter)
Is Calverly. Our boat is bowing,
(Boats in this region are polite),

The sun, the sands and grass endowing—
Still dazzles and bewilders sight.

207

On Bowering Hill, the desert's pride,
An oak extends its branches wide;
No lofty pine protects it now,
No willow waves its graceful head,
And on the gnarled and crooked bough
No sheltering ivy's leaves are spread.

208

Unasked and noiseless, here alone,
In Cloud's old Street; 'twixt stone and stone
Grass peers unharmed by lagging feet;
A sigh is whispered from above
The lilac bush, our ears to greet:
"Too late for laughter or for love."

209

A sodden reach of wind-swept lea,
Guy Wetmore Carryl—By-the-Sea;
A wail of gulls that skim the crest
Of breakers sliding to the land;
An empty place of vague unrest,
Where shadow-shapes stride cross the sand.

210

Is it a cloud or but our boat
In which we fly or only float

On Huber's misty sea or sky?
The gods reach hands to aid or plead;
Through mists our wants to them we sigh—
Is ours or theirs the greater need?

211

In Wagner's Land where fairies dwell
Deep in the far-off shady dell,
A tall fern spreads a graceful wing
To shut obtrusive light away,
And all the fountains laugh and sing—
'Tis there we'll roam till break of day.

212

A scene that never was before,
A scene that will be never more:
Dim shapes of rounded trees so high
Back of the silver, reedy shore,
Effulgence of a summer sky;
Snapshot of Dobson—nothing more.

213

Now westward sinks the sun; his rays
Stream backward over Cleghorn's bays,
And slowly seem to brighten where
The landscape's blurred and broken line,
Beheld in cloudless evening air,
Its distant colors blend and shine.

214

We came beneath the opal skies
Where Kenyon's magic island lies,
And suddenly the world was bright—
Alive with bloom and pulsing wings,
And blue and gold flashed through the light,
With green of growing, tender things.

215

Lone lilac mountain, sage-brush waste,
A flash of red where rides in haste
An Indian, is Hamilton—
With crackle of the camp-fire, bark
Of dogs after the setting sun,
And howl of coyotes in the dark.

216

Oh, bird-song and the hum of bees
And murmur of the wind-swept trees!
Oh, quiet sunlit vale that gleams
Between the green breasts of the hills!
Here Baldwin dreamed his holy dreams
And heard the voices call and thrill.

217

We, April's thrice ten days and nights
Would spend at Wister's Spring delights,
But we can stay but one short hour;
Oh, may that hour have power to bless
With memories that still shall flower
On in tomorrow's wilderness.

218

We never knew that June was June
Till yesterday at half-past-noon,
When we arrived at Alice Wright;
We never knew that all the land
A garden was, till we caught sight
Of her, with roses in her hand.

219

George Granville blest these soft retreats
And called the muses to these seats,
To paint these flowery sylvan scenes
And make these hills in numbers rise
To crown them with immortal greens
And lift their turrets to the skies.

220

How sweet, at set of sun, the view
Of wavering mist of mantle blue
About the distant mountain side!
We anchor safe at Perceival,
A quiet harbor, gentle tide,
Till morn, when we again set sail.

221

We reached the isle of Father Ryan,
A trysting place with the divine;
He, in the silent valley, dreamed
The holy songs that here he sings;
Soft music, floating dimly, seemed
To change the printed form to wings.

222

Our boat its onward course pursues
O'er waters tinged with evening hues ;
Arriving late at Hannah More,
Where principle was not the guide
And ignorance misfortune bore,
We slept on the tumultuous tide.

223

Cross desert lands we journeyed far
Heaven held for us no beacon star—
We wandered till we came at last
To where Smith Pickering island lies
Oasis in the desert cast
To greet and to refresh our eyes.

224

By every trace, by every sign,
By mountain-peak and river-line,
'Tis Carman ; that mysterious haze
That steals across the blue ravine,
Is like an Indian ghost that strays
In sadness through his lost demesne.

225

To forest glades our pathway led ;
The pines were sighing overhead ;
Full-starred, seraphic Night arose,
Lifting the Pleiades dim lyre
Above the solitude where glows
Rose-red in silence, Bailey's fire.

226

Arcadian pastures had we known,
But suddenly a wind is blown,
Lifting a veil, and with surprise
We see beside the purple sea
At Alice Corbin, the faun's eyes,
As they look out enchantingly.

227

Green fields where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains touched with purple haze
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed;
All seems a breath of by-gone days
In Goodale veiled in morning mist.

228

In green, gold glamour of the spring,
The daffodils are dancing—bring
Us to Blanchi!—there we'd go
In merry madrigals of flight,
Away from where the whistles blow
And morning madness blurs the sight.

229

Borne by the waves, our anchor broke,
We drifted to Rose Terry Cook
And disembarked in dusky wood;
Withdrawn from men, where sunlight faint
Peeped through the overhanging hood—
Thus free the while from all restraint.

230

At Dazey we our stay prolong
To drink the gushing streams of song,
Breathe music of the air of fame,
Hear secrets of the woods and skies—
To afterwards repeat the same
To listening ears and open eyes.

231

We'll view thee, Rives, when forest trees
Bend to the whispering evening breeze,
Or when the oaks their shadows fling,
Or when the song of nightingale
By upland glade or woodland spring
Wakes music throughout hill and vale.

232

When maiden daisies decked the ground
And violets in the lanes were found,
We came to Bartley's—'twas a time
When warmer suns in heaven glow
Than usual in northern clime,
And milder winds o'er meadows blow.

233

In Pray the woods were brown and bare;
And seemed a melancholy air
To sigh a requiem everywhere.
The river glided 'neath the hill,
The sky its weight of dumb despair
Dropped desolate and gray and chill.

234

Through country road at close of day,
We've come to rest at Helen Hay;
The rain still drops in emerald shade,
The calm, all thought of life denies—
But hark! through silence unafraid,
A robin ripples to the skies.

235

A fearsome journey in the dark
And then we moored our little barque
At W. McLennen's plain,
Where monks had toiled and builded well;
We dreamed of Paladins of Spain—
And saw one lonely sentinel.

236

Although of earthly things we talked
As we at Sarah Piatt walked
Among the lilies whose perfumes
Seemed borne from some wild world of
dreams,
There came a shiver as of plumes
Touched by the moon's ethereal beams.

237

Hot sunflowers lift their shields of brass
And lean and thirsty cattle pass
Along the pike by Crawford's copse;
And through the bloom-roofs of the brake—

No sound is heard—all music stops ;
Naught but the buzzard seems awake.

238

Why should we, Edith Hulbert, keep
Ashes upon our heads and weep
Vain tears, because we are thy guest?
Ah! well; though Pleasure's path be steep—
Within these walls once Beauty, Jest,
And Song their court were wont to keep.

239

Skies blank, winds cold, roads rough and
long
In Henderson; yet, full of song
We heeded not the wind or weather
And minding but our merry sprite
That bound our loyal hearts together—
The road seemed smooth—the day was
bright.

240

Dorr's mountain-passes are aglow
With a supernal splendor; low,
Dim valleys sleep in woodland ways,
Birds sing; the winds that come and go
No secret of earth's woes betray;
For us no cruel winds here blow.

241

Here, strong was he who stood alone—
Who had no friends and strangers shunned;
Here still the animals have souls—
E'en minerals move curiously;
Here Maeterlinck attained life's goal,
By self-command and industry.

242

What thirst the sunlight seems to slake
In Tooker's Mead—no north winds shake
The tree-tops from their dream of ease.
Sly creatures in the tangled brake
And murmuring brooks like swarms of bees,
Our rest and our refreshment make.

243

With Annie Fellows Johnson now
We sit beneath the locust bough—
Beside the road, among the trees
That wave their emerald branches high;
How softly blows the evening breeze,
A welcome to each passer by!

244

In Paul Verlain, the day declines,
Long shadows fall from lofty pines;
Anon the solemn oak-trees fling
A mantling darkness through the air,
And nightingales begin to sing
And voice to us our dark despair.

245

'Tis William Riggs; when we are gone,
Say, will these glad winds whisper on,
Though we no longer are aware
Of their gay touch or soft caress
On brow and lip and eyes and hair?
Oh, toying wild-wood tenderness!

246

Next to isle of Mary Bradley
We hopeful went, and left there sadly;
The balmy night was soft and still,
The light winds blew o'er beds of bloom,
We felt the waving mystic lily
Above the silent scented gloom.

247

This is the place, the very spot,
All bordered with for-get-not,
Where Harriet Stockall's garden grew—
We knew this pansy bed of old;
Between the black eyes and the blue
A sweet, swift story here is told.

248

Far in the routeless sea of dreams—
Beyond the marshlands sluggish streams
There lies a deep, enchanted vale;
We seek it (but alas! in vain);
For there once dwelt T. K. Bonnell
With echoes of a sad sweet strain.

249

These red-rose vales and peaks of song
To Edwin Markham's Isle belong.
We pause to pray for power to curse—
With censure of the world's blind greed,
The menace of the universe—
'Tis just humanity betrayed.

250

Still on we sail, we talk and laugh,
Towards the boundless speed our craft,
Still struggling o'er an open grave;
Hope's Gold-coast—ah! the hidden spot
For which we sail the angry wave,
Is never reached—and ne'er forgot.

Canto VI

251

We visited the scenes of war,
And viewed them from our armored car;
We saw the sacked and ruined city,—
Where forts, from shells afford no shield;
Dead men and horses more's the pity,
By thousands on the battle-field.

252

We single-handed and alone,
Did stunts one is ashamed to own—

Destroyed a German battery,
And took a regimental flag;
We threw the colonel in the sea,
And captured forty; (should we brag?)

253

We visited Aix la Chappelle,
And saw how it was named so well. . . .
We saw the flags of several nations
Each in its turn terrific burn,
Till war hath wrought its desolations,
Ere yet the flag of peace return.

254

We reached the Land of Used-to-be
Where lived and sang James Whitcomb
Riley;
And there among the vines and grasses,
A haze for every sky of blue,
A breeze to kiss us as it passes,
We romped as airy elfins do.

255

A bright-eyed beauty once was she,
Before the bloom was off the tree
And when the skies were all aglow;
And still the fisher gaily woos—
Ah, now the waves are laughing so!
'Tis Lucy Larcum "binding shoes."

256

L. W. Reese this many a year
Is gone, yet when the lilacs stir
We think of her, though others walk
Among these purple blossoms tall,
And of all other topics talk,
And of Lizetta not at all.

257

The winds are raging on the ocean,
The billows beat with wild commotion,
But stillness reigneth far below,
And peace abideth on the shore.
It is the isle of H. B. Stowe;
Joy dwelleth here forevermore.

258

A radiant island of the east
Invites us to its fragrant feast.
Here in this wild and verdant wood,
Where Rudyard Kipling writes with power,
Still grows the gods' delicious food,
Still hangs the scarlet passion flower.

259

It was the middle of the night
Although the sun was shining bright,
When we arrived at Lewis Carroll.
The moon was jealous of the sun.
There were some oysters on this fair isle—
The walrus ate them, every one.

260

The winds that sweep the great plateau,
Blow gently here as if they know
This is O'Hara's camping ground ;
'Tis here his silent tent is spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round ;
Let no impious footsteps tread.

261

A forest dim with gnarled oaks olden,
With lilies white, and violets golden,
And upland vines of bright red berries ;
On beds of yellow leaves we rest ;
It is the isle of the Miss Carys,
Where dim old forests seemeth best.

262

Here's Mary Howitt's joyful isle
Where humming-birds swift hours beguile.
A reign of joy amid these bowers,
Might well forevermore be given ;
Our food the honey from these flowers,
Our drink the pleasant dews from heaven

263

Poor Timrod ! of memorials bare
Save leaves that winds have gathered there
And one frail shell from some far sea
Lies lone upon his noble breast.
His was a life of penury,
And penury marks his resting place.

264

John Keble! for its golden fraught
Of prayer and praise, of dream and thought,
Now bids us hope, fear, grieve, rejoice.
Long may we view, and study long
For Poesy finds fitting voice
In pious minstrel's varied song.

265

Ah, is Ford here? Make holiday
Tie up our steed; let Cyclops play;
Let none of us be longer grim,
But furnish earth and heaven with mirth;
And while the gods in nectar swim,
Enjoy the freedom of the earth.

266

Our boat still winged with wonder flies
Until we, dimly with our eyes,
Can reach the isle where sweetly sings
Sir Alexander; as of old,
Here Orpheus harps and Pindus springs,
Aurora burns about the pole.

267

Great-hearted Massinger they face
High melancholy lights with grace,
The clouds that rose an hour past noon
And checkered heaven with length'ning bars
Assembling strength for tempest soon,
Were cleared by silver speech of stars.

268

We saw the isle where Suckling wrote.
His was, indeed, the blithest throat
That musically e'er carolled love.
Made out of morning's merriest heart,
He stumbled from his seat above
And reeled on slippery roads of art.

269

Another isle we pause to praise
That gilds Apollo's brows and bays
With gifts of nature and of skill,
So Fame may say for its renown,
The shepherd isle is shining still
Bright in the sky, although 'tis Brown.

270

Whose name is on this Pyramid?
No author in oblivion hid.
'Tis Sandy. Say what could bestow
Courage on thee to build so high?
Tell us, brave friend, what helped thee so
To shake off thy mortality.

271

O Phineas Fletcher, thou'rt a poet
And all who view thee ought to know it.
It may be true in these dull times,
As of the last, perhaps the next,
We want the strength to prize thy rhymes
Or to appreciate the text.

272

Here, Lovelace, lovely, lonely, long,
Now holds the pinnacle of song.
'Twas Virtue's breath inflamed his lyre,
Heroic, from the heart it ran,
And for the shedding of such fire
Where has there been a manlier man?

273

Eve trembled round a glow-worm lamp,
That shone across a dewy damp,
A beacon whose benignant spark
Though small, enabled us to see,
And graciously our eyes to mark,
Where Shirley is—or used to be.

274

Ye groves in darker shades be seen ;
Let groans be heard where winds have been.
Ye rivers weep your fountains dry,
For Bion the Beloved's dead ;
Ye plants your moisture spend and die,
Since Bion's tuneful voice is fled.

275

Ah! wherefore need we wander wide
To old Illissus' distant side,
Deserted as it is and mute,
While here amidst our kindred plains
We're soothed by pity's softest lute
And charmed by Otway's gentlest strains.

276

In Fenton fancy's bloom appears
With judgment of instructive years.
Foe to loud praise and friend to ease
He was with nature satisfied,
And science, in this vale of peace;
Thank heaven that he lived, and died.

277

And here's a draught to thee, Defoe
And to thy Robinson Crusoe.
Thy fate though earned, thy book though
burned,
The soul of each has been set free;
Sometimes courted, sometimes spurned,
A wondrous land is this we see.

278

When Fame did o'er her spacious plains
Repeat her lays in tuneful strains
We wondered whose could be the lyre;
Grace held the frame the Muse had strung,
And loves and smiles composed the choir,
While Gay transcribed what Phoebus sung.

279

Hail, happy isle! thy pain is o'er;
Hail, Atterbury! weep no more;
When Pyramids untrue to trust
Shall fail to keep their builder's name

And crumble with their founder's dust
Thou still shalt live to deathless fame(?)

280

'Twas midnight, but we sailed until
We reached the land of Mandeville,
In quietude knelt at his shrine,
And by good luck we did contrive
Evil and good to well combine,
And hear—and feel—the “Grumbly Hive.”

281

Adieu, unsocial isle! at last
Thy foes are vanquished, fears are past.
Though frailties once obscured thy heart,
The mist can here no longer lie;
The petulance and jealous start
Were parts of Dennis born to die.

282

With Philips still these valleys ring;
We listen while he tries to sing.
Let all the poets of our age
Here learn their jingles to reform;
And all the witlings of the stage
Here crop their numbers to conform.

283

What matron here walks musing forth

From the bleak mountains of the North?
Hail Catherine Cockburn from whose bow-
ers

Poetic wreaths we would entwine;
E'en Locke, delighted, culled thy flowers
To deck his brow as we do thine.

284

Here from the noisy crowd exempt,
Who sang of war with mean attempt?
Henry St. John, O Bolingbroke,
With gifts by which the noblest rise,
Where warbling birds the Muse provoke,
Why dost thou love the stormy skies?

285

Ripe fruit from fields of life well-tilled,
Bright guineas from a mint well-milled—
These trophies from a genius blaze;
We hear the very larks that thrill
Through centuries of noise and haze;
Here Fielding wrought—we see him still.

286

On a gorgeous isle that once outshone
A gilded tub or Irish throne,
Great Cibber sits; and here he pours
Upon us his all-bounteous rays—
Of "fragrant grain;" "nutritious flowers"—
And crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.

287

Hail Caledonian bard whose strains
Delight the listening hills and plains!
Here Allen Ramsey once did soar;
Here polished by the hand divine
Of Burns, we see the purer ore—
What furnace could this ore refine?

288

Next Mallet—he who knew each art
The ear to please or soothe the heart;
'Twas night; our boat its way had lost,
And all of us were fast asleep,
When David Mallet's grimly ghost
Came in and stood right at our feet.

289

Now look where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder hill whose princely halls
Resound with his philosophy,
'Tis Jefferson, serene and solemn,
Clear figure in our history
A great and perfect Doric column.

290

This is the place, Blake came to town;
He wandered up and wandered down
Amid a host of human-kind,
And desert drear of brick and stone;
And some were deaf and some were blind;
He died as he had lived, alone.

291

Within this monumental bed
Apollo's favorite rests his head;
This is the island where he lies;
Ye sons of Muses cease your grieving;
Be comforted; though Coleman dies,
His "Heirs-at-law" may still be living.

292

To Howard Payne one look we gave;
He rests at home where laurels wave;
His banishment was overlong;
But that is now forever past,
For in the isle of Home Sweet Home
He, too, has found a home at last.

293

A working-man with horny hands
Was he who planned and built these lands;
Progressed, and shrank from nothing new;
One of the people born to be
And do as poor men be and do;
'Tis Lincoln's Lofty Land we see.

294

We range the level plains of thought
In Gilmore Sims, and not for naught;
For here some mighty rivers run.
And cat'racts fall from mountain steeps,
While tiny rivulets of fun
Flow into metaphysical deeps.

295

Old Plutarch to thy deathless praise
Shall Rome thy grateful statue raise,
Because with Greece thy fame she shared;
Although thou couldst ne'er write thine own,
The lives of others thou compared;
Their lives had parallels—thine none.

296

We climbed the hills and fought the foes
Where Ticknor planted that sweet rose,
Whose fragrance lives, and still it blooms;
Whose beauty stars around the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With its rare loveliness and worth.

297

The savage splendor of a swamp
With purple bloom and scarlet pomp,
Warm furtive breezes blow beneath,
Dark visions haunt the upper air,
At Lazarus; a tulip wreath
Twines round her shadowy, floating hair.

298

Here Wotton thinks he is designed
To eclipse the glory of his kind,
The meaner beauties of the night
Which poorly satisfy the eyes—
More by their numbers than their light,
What are they when the moon doth rise?

299

Though humble we will slight thee not
Nor thee forget till all's forgot.
For, Dana, as we pass thee by
We still can see thy kindly look;
Thy flaunting flowers and floating sky
Still woo us by the shady brook.

300

Oh, what a fleet is hurrying on,
We greet each other and are gone;
We meet, we part, and hope some day
To meet again on sea or shore
Before we reach that peaceful bay
Where we shall meet to sail no more.

Canto VII

301

Our rover bark, the Dreaded named,
For its surpassing boldness famed;
The breeze fair aft, all sails on high;
Our guns on each side may be seen;
She does not cut the air, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine.

302

Once a bold frigate hove in view,
Said our brave captain to his crew:

"Come, clear the ship for action, boys,"
And the first broadside that we poured
Them frightened with terrific noise
And took her mainmast by the board.

303

Sail on, our swift one! nothing fear;
Naught makes thee yield in thy career,
Naught turn thee from thy onward course;
So many prizes have we made,
Despite the storm and foeman's force!
What flags beneath our feet are laid.

304

Know, or be known, on every shore,
Beside the sea its boundaries o'er.
Our treasure is our gallant bark;
Our only guide is liberty;
Our law is might, the wind our mark;
Our country is the wide, wide sea.

305

A whirlwind rises and awhile
It threatens to engulf the isle
Of Richard Henry Stoddard. Hark!
We hear the voices of the sea;
The winds they blow, the clouds are dark—
But not a single jot cares he.

306

Now yonder sky is dim with snow;
The light flakes falter and fall slow.
Athwart the hill-top rapt and pale
'Tis Trowbridge Valley all shut in;
And silence drops its silvery veil
Of flickering curtains gray and thin.

307

Far in the ocean, way out yonder
There lies the land of Wonder-Wander;
There where the children laughing, swing-
ing,
Once gave such joy to Eugene Field,
Now to the dinkey-bird still singing
I'm sure we must a moment yield.

308

Here with his great of ancient days
Does Motley sleep whose name we praise.
His writings live on to the last
If time should e'er o'ertake us when
Are lost all records of the past—
His memory will perish then.

309

On yonder shore where droops the willow,
Near where the rock throws back the billow,
Is Vaughn; there darkness still looks fair,
And new light trembles in the showers;

Forms turn to music, clouds and air
To smiles as dew falls on the flowers.

310

No goblins here afright our crew
Though dressed this grave with pearly dew;
The red-breast oft at evening hours
In Collins lends his little aid
With hoary moss and gathered flowers
To deck the ground where he is laid.

311

A city on this island lies;
'Tis Davies—day and night it cries;
We lay awake till past its roofs
And listened to the city's cry;
We heard the city's wheels and hoofs
And saw the wan folks herded by.

312

What charm in yonder distance lies,
But that of Allen's wistful eyes!
And when the years have told their story,
And dreams shall come divinely true—
The dim dawn blooms to sudden glory—
May they still shine as angels do.

313

All day until the west was red—
"Now lay it to the wind," was said;

For all the grace of sea and land
And splendor of the painted skies,
And more, we'd give to hold thy hand,
McKay, and look into thine eyes.

314

Some safe retreat we long to know
Where the ambrosia fountains flow ;
We'd gladly seek thy fertile shore,
Land of Hesperian minstrelsies,
But "wretched maidens evermore
Weep amber tears," Euripides.

315

As we by Dodge's Mountain stood
A something called our presence good ;
The very breeze that stirred our hair
Seemed whispering a gentle greeting,
A welcome from the summit bare
To us beside the brook entreating.

316

Here is a place that seems alive,
A place so wrought it will survive
In spite of Time the tyrant stern ;
'Tis Michael Angelo divine ;
From his experience we learn
To for perfection strive, yea pine.

317

The mill-brook rushed through rocky height
In Van Platen; we watched the flight
Of waves that glided on so light,
Yet backward none of them returning—
Thus wasting hours in vain delight,
As fruitless as remorseful yearning.

318

We all went musing, each alone,
Thinking of divers things well-known,
'Mid Burton's pandemonium, where
All of our joys did seem but folly;
Anon, how soft and sweet the air!
And naught so sweet as melancholy.

319

O cliffs and rocks and thorny shore!
O happy wanderings now o'er!
As now the open skies are fair,
Though undiscovered beauties please,
O Bruno, thine the guerdon rare,
For us the charm of distant seas.

320

Our casement opening to the foam,
Through perilous seas we onward roam,
To where deep shadows of a vale
Far sunken from the breath of morn,
From fiery noon and evening pale,
Hide Schiller's fairy lands forlorn.

321

At Leyland's cottage, lamps shone high,
We watched a far-off ship sail by,
As maidens heard how we were banished,
And listened till we spoke no more;
The ship, a phantom shadow, vanished,
And darkness deepened on the shore.

322

We stayed at Eggleston one night,
And there with unalloyed delight,
We marked along the mountain-tops,
How broad and varied his domain,
With sunlit hollows, cloistered copse,
And earnest crag and fruitful plain.

323

How long till our benighted eyes
Shall see the light on Quarles arise?
Let those have night who love the night,
Sweet Phosphor bring to us the day;
Oh, let the conquering rays of light
Chase all the mists and fogs away.

324

Roll on, oh, sea, roll on, roll on,
What though the past be fled and gone,
What though the future all looks blue,
Roll on through seas of inky air,
Nor let such things unsettle you,
While we're at Gilbert on a tear.

325

Out on the restless sea of thought
A gleam from higher radiance caught,
At Havergal shines on us now,
And by its light we shoreward turn,
And see through overarching bough
The land for which our shadows yearn.

326

Here burning Sappho loved and sung
In other days, when Time was young;
Here Hesperus brings all things back—
The baby to its mother's breast,
Brings all that daylight makes us lack
And brings both men and beasts to rest.

327

Behold the restless sea is sleeping!
The milk-white ripples slyly creeping!
Theocritus, for one day more,
We wait; and watch with thee one night;
And then—we'll leave thee as before—
Farewell, pale moon and planets bright.

328

A little wreath of Indian flowers,
A memory of other hours,
From Edwin Arnold; on his grave
Place these with English daisies rare—
Fragrant as incense, since they have
The heart of him who culled them there.

329

The white-winged winter storm swept cold,
Or paused at Carleton's farm-house old,
And shed its plumage; every cloud
Was like a funeral pall; the breeze
A dirge; and every drift a shroud,
And skeletons where should stand trees.

330

For Herman Hagerdon to find
We left the crowded streets behind.
We slept and woke; the sun was ours;
The sky, the birds, the fields our own;
The trees our stalwart sons; the flowers
Our daughters, ours (for hours), alone.

331

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
Anon the genial star of day
O'er Horace sends his glittering beam,
And driving murky clouds away
Lights cultured fields and winding stream.

332

At Charles of Orleans we did see,
Well-done, a rich embroidery:
The sunlight poured on lake and hill,
No beast or bird in earth or sky
Whose voice did not in gladness thrill,
For Time had laid his mantle by.

333

At Welby hours like birds did fly,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky.
And every wave with dimpled face
That leaped up in the shining air,
Did lift a star in its embrace,
Or hold its image trembling there.

334

The birds float upward to the sky
At Ritter, and we long to fly.
The birds have wings, the boat has wings,
But none remain for you and me—
(Save those of which the poet sings,
The wings of thought and memory.)

335

Within a boundless thicket where
The feathered choir with voices clear,
And accents sweet did celebrate;
The ouzel and the speckled-lark
And Philomel—one evening late—
At Pulver we did disembark.

336

Yon isle is Anthony Trollope,
Whom Mr. Slope will like, I hope.
The old bell swinging from the tower.
The swallow flying from its nest—
One mutely, one chiming the hour—
Opinion similar expressed.

337

Two plants in Tegner's garden, fair,
Grew up beneath his fostering care;
Their match the North had never seen:
One like an oak, bleak winter flown,
So nobly towered it in the green;
Like some sweet rose the other shone.

338

A spring where silvery waters flow
Clear as the shining sands below;
A flowering lotus spreads above
The banks which mossy margins grace;
The tree itself did seem a grove—
The scene was Ovid's Sylvan place.

339

Leigh Hunt, a range of many a rood
Walled in and ending in a wood;
One small sweet house; it also had
A winding stream; of pines a nest,
Through which the house and streams
 looked glad—
All woods and garden was the rest.

340

This is the island of Lucile;
Where Meredith has felt, we feel.
The setting is like rubies red
And pearls a Peri might have kept—

The rubies where some hearts have bled,
The pearls where many eyes have wept.

341

Like cities girt with glorious gardens
Inhabited by angel-wardens
Was Mangum—Eden new and blooming!
But as we gazed all passed away;
We saw but rocks and billows looming
Black, in the dim chill dawn of day.

342

Next Marlowe bathed in Thespian springs,
Had all those brave translunary things
That poets have; what raptures were
These valleys, groves and hills and fields!
What air which made his verses clear!
What fire these woods and mountains yield!

343

Here's Mendelssohn, suppose we take
The road round his enchanting lake—
The foot-path one continual shade,
Past villas, castles and all that,
By brooks from which the lake is made—
With a pretty girl in her steeple hat.

344

Dawn vanished, and the source of light
Bade seas and rivers sparkle bright,

And cheer afar the lonely breast
Of Ramsey's Mountain veiled in snow,
Where soars the eagle o'er her nest,
As toward it with one oar we row.

345

Within white walls a garden lay
Close hid from all who walked that way,
Its sheltered sweetness seldom seen;
A fountain whispered like a child,
Of Jean (whose surname was Racine),
While crowding blossoms listening smiled.

346

An island of satiric rage
Now flashes on our ocean stage.
Still is thy name of high account
And still thy worthy verse hath charms,
Sir David Lindsley of the Mount,
Lord Lion, Bard, yet King-at-Arms.

347

In Raleigh intellectual fire
Has still a power to inspire
The burning faculties. On wings
As swift as thought can follow motion,
We mount. Here are immortal springs
Whose streams flow onward to the ocean.

348

Though Dunbar thou hast run thy race
Can time thy glorious isle deface?
Some pleasing monuments remain.
In nervous strains thy music flows.
Genius marks the later reign—
Time spares the Thistle and the Rose.

349

Oh, could we tell what here we see,
And see what here we feel must be,
The secret might at once be gained
Of Nature's wondrous mastery.
'Twas Roger Bacon who attained
This isle where buds of mind burst free.

350

Now shadows lie across the wold;
The flames of winter's robe of gold
Burn for an instant in the sky;
Night beckons to her hosts afar—
And swinging gates of heaven high,
Brings out pale moon and twinkling star.

Canto VIII

351

Just over yonder next brown rise
A wondrous vale will greet our eyes.

We've traveled far, the truth is still
New summits hopefully we climb;
We love the lure of yonder hill;
Demands of vision beggar time.

352

Adown the vistas dim and damp,
We view as with a spectral lamp,
The Nuckols Land of Memory.
Although we're not a bidden guest,
That fareth thus across the sea,
We're sure our journey ends in rest.

353

At Annelu Burns' isle of dreams
There's room enough for two it seems;
There fountains flash in silver spray,
Palms grow beside the crystal streams,
Roses are kissed by dew, and—say!
Let's dwell there 'neath love's radiant
beams.

354

An island in a clear green sea,
White as the earth's extremity,
With people clad in ancient guise
Is William Morris. Maidens throng
Its square and marble palaces
With jest and laughter and sweet song.

355

Once more we sit beside the stream
Where Prentice breathed his burning
dream.

The birds we loved still tell their tale,
We hear the music of each spray;
And still the wild rose decks the vale—
We knew him even far away.

356

'Tis Locker—perishable clay,
So soon our charms do drop away;
We'll sit beneath the summer tree,
And pluck a bridal wreath bouquet,
And hear thy youthful reverie,
Forgetting that we have grown gray.

357

One look at Clough and then we part
An humble yet a hopeful heart.
It fortifies the soul to know
That howsoe'er it stray or range;
E'en though it perish—'tis not so
With Truth: Truth cannot die or change.

358

How grand yon stately mansion shows
Through varied trees in stately rows!
Yet two defects its splendors spite:
No cheerful spot where friends may dine,

No charmed recess from tedious night—
Martial's *non*-residence is fine.

359

O R. H. Wilde a fond adieu ;
And still we will remember you,
As often o'er the waters blue
We send a sigh to those we leave—
One of the well-beloved few
Whom we have known, whom most we
grieve.

360

Although we blame ourselves and sigh
At having rated thee too high,
Still Tupper we thy shores will see.
Thou hadst thy foibles like the rest ;
"Proverbial Philosophy !"
Not much but 'twas thy little best.

361

The gathering clouds that shroud the day
Serve as a background for the play
Of those bright gleams of Saxe's wit
That flash like lightning from the sky ;
And though each flash may keenly hit,
They wound but what deserves to die.

362

Behold a name both good and great,

One whom e'en Envy cannot hate!
George Washington to earth was sent
To illustrate integrity;
His country is his monument,
A nation his posterity.

363

Where sea-mist weepeth, wrapped in shade,
Is the immortal Webster laid;
But through the darkness there is shining
A light the lofty ranges fill,
No exultation or repining
Can hide, for Webster liveth still.

364

Enchanted land where Garfield dwells,
With valleys drear and lonely dells,
Dark-shaded by the cypress tree,
And weeping willows on its slope,
Where sunlit heights all seem to be
In heaven's blue of truth and hope.

365

To whom belongs this valley fair
That sleeps beneath the filmy air?
Oh, that this lovely vale were ours!
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
While evening with its dewy flowers
Proclaim that this is Pathmore's vale.

366

Upon Alaric Watt's Hill
The summer sun is lingering still
As though unwilling to bereave
Us of its soft and tender beams,
So fair we cannot help but grieve
That soon will pass this lovely dream.

367

The stars are shining fixed and bright,
We stand upon the windy height—
Isa Craig-Knox—unmoved by fears,
Though we may sink and be forgot;
Unshaken into trembling tears,
The winds may rave, we heed them not.

368

Through fogs, as avalanches fall,
We view the land of Ingersoll;
We look up to the empty sky,
And gaze down in the deepest void,
And through the shadows hear the cry:
"There is no God"; "There is no God."

369

We reach Uhland's dark land by night,
No moon or star bless us with light;
Yet once we saw these shores ere now
Amid the glow of sunshine glowing,
The summer zephyrs fanned our brow
Where now the rueful winds are blowing.

370

As small and dainty butterflies
May have rich tints, great peacocks' eyes,
'Tis thus the isle Ivan Vazoff
Beneath Bulgaria's sky doth glow
With glintings plentiful enough—
Bright flowers by flowing fountains show.

371

Jones Very, home of hermit thrush,
Lone bird-musician of the bush,
Secluded chanter of the woods;
Where birds had ears to hear our voice,
And flowers eyes, and understood—
And leaping brooks with us rejoice.

372

Voltaire, though frosts have left their chill
Thy muse hums quavering measures still;
And in thy woods a tuft of bloom
Will sometimes through the snow-drifts
smile,
Consoling us amid the gloom,
But withering in a little while.

373

Fain would we here a home obtain
And sing about the sweet bird's strain,
And fields and flowers as thou hast done
Der Vogelweide, and paint the rose

Or lily on *her* cheeks that shone
On thee, that guests no comfort shows.

374

Oh, is not this the loveliest glen
That ever was beheld by men?
Did ever birds in forest bright
Or leaves and flowers see the like,
Or mortal ears have such delight
As greets us in the glen Van Dyke.

375

In Sewall James we next will climb
The hills, and view the scene sublime!
We see the dragon-fly and toad
Complaining to the chatty spring—
We see the craggy mountain road,
Most solemn and most ravishing.

376

O Matthew Prior, here alone!
Where are the friends that thou hast
 known?
Ah! gone is their sad kisses' boon,
And all their lips are now as stone;
Where are love's vanished roses, strewn
Beneath the light of summer moon?

377

The night was white in stark moonlight
When we arrived at Finley bright;

White were the trees ; on bended knees
They seemed to bow in white-frost stoles,
While tall, dark pines lit up with blaze
The white mass read over their souls.

378

Bomberger's City of the Plain
Where many years ago did reign
A king whose child of gentle name
We mourn, while at his side we stand
Find time is naught—love, e'er the same,
And feel the pressure of his hand.

379

In Tytus' Garden of the World,
Still with the petals half unfurled,
There grows a flower of wondrous hue ;
No mortal ever may behold it.
Its perfumed petals are of blue,
And soft the dews of sleep enfold it.

380

'Twas Tytus but one moment past,
And now 'tis Thomas ; ah ! how fast
How fast these circling islets fly,
Borne on amidst the giddy round !
Long may they whirl, but by and by
No more with them shall we be found.

381

Our sky-line widens—wait, O world—
Our boat is anchored, sails unfurled,
While we at Edward's Island finger,
The gifts that here the gods have flung;
We in her lily garden linger
And feel that we are young—still young.

382

Why do ye bloom on, roses red,
While dewy daisies well do shed
Their tears in Arthur's Garden gray?
O silly birds his hand has fed,
Why do you sing?—he's gone away—
Garden of Eros dark and dead.

383

A soft veil dims the turquoise skies
And half conceals from pensive eyes
The tattered wigwams of the plain
Of Tertius that sheltered there
The ghosts of vanished joy and pain
And phantom peoples of the air.

384

With Zona Gale let's have a word—
She let no far flute fail unheard;
We view her books in many a row
And envy her with many a sigh.

“Fools there,” says she, “with hearts to love
you,
Just pass the larger wisdom by.”

385

When it is day, we can dissemble,
When it is dark, in tears we tremble,
For we are but a little fellow,
And think with you 'tis dark out there
Away from sunshine warm and mellow—
O Fanny Kemble, dark and bare.

386

The moon is walking in the wood
Her face half-hidden in her hood;
Ah! now by yonder pine-tree stands—
(It is the land of Gallienne)
She builds a palace with her hands
Of silver shaft and shifting scene.

387

Here, Richard Realf with sword and song
Wrought well but died of cruel wrong;
Here skies are ever in eclipse—
But fellow-love to him was sweet
And angels kissed his thirsting lips—
Plant daisies at his head and feet.

388

The winds from out the cloudy mane
Shake off large drops of gathering rain;

Tabb's slope of pasture land we seek
Whereon to rest us with delight
While winds with clouds contend and
 shriek
And race in frenzy of their flight.

389

The heat poured down till day was done;
The red moon rose, and one by one
The stars looked from the azure plain
On Churchill's hills; a cloud drew near
At morn, and then the gentle rain
Brought cheerful melody most dear.

390

At Housman's roofs against the sky
Where simple hearts had once beat high,
How like a wreck each homestead looks!
Around red sunlight falls in flood
And all the pewits by the brook
Are crying out of wasted blood.

391

Here in the liquid light of May
The morning brightens on the day
By Hopkins' haunts and ivied eves;
The shadows ripple on the grass;
From out the murmuring moving leaves
We watch the flashing sparrow pass.

392

Far off we see through amber mist
The shimmering heights of amethÿst,
Those holy hills where souls rejoice
All seem to us like flint and sand,
Since Sophia Jewett, your sweet voice
We fail to hear, and miss your hand.

393

We never saw the hills so far
And blue as they in Preston are.
Just view the windows and the spires,
The fences running up and down,
With sparrows sitting on the wires;
And then we'll leave this quaint old town.

394

'Tis M. L. Ashley's Fisher's hut—
For many years it has been shut;
Even the gulls have passed it by,
Hiding here in the veil of haze—
Gray of sand and gray of sky,
With one late rose in crimson blaze.

395

The night grows lone and still and deep,
Round Stringer's Clearing; strange eyes
 peep;
The wolf's brood knows not whence he
 came,

Nor where tomorrow's ax shall ring,
Nor whither fares, but at his flame
The long howl of brute-hate they fling.

396

A desert fair, a garden drear,
At Jane Belfield there did appear,
Where nothing's known and all is clear,
The garden withers; in the ground,
(To prove the There is also Here,)
A cool oasis there we found.

397

The dawn of night has loosened bars
Imprisoning stamping stars,
At G. P. W.; joy o'erflows;
Sweet music, pulsant and alive
Beneath the odors of the rose
Drip molten notes from music's hive.

398

At Wilbur Mason we will sing
When meads are fair with green of spring;
When rosy bloom crowns hill and plain;
When frost is silvered on the streams—
When fields are ripe with tawny grain;
When memory wakes the heart to dreams.

399

Through mists beneath the old-time skies,
Rose bloom and orchard lands arise,

Heart-sick we watched the rose unfold
Where stood the old house by the tree;
At night-time dream the dreams of old
Lulled by the brooks at M. I. C.

400

Still over the rough seas we go
Through fogs of strife, past reefs of woe
The isles of Peace and Hope to find;
Soon, very soon we shall forget
Those islands we have left behind—
Isles of Remorse and Vain regret.

Canto IX

401

There is no map lined on these waves;
Unseen, the wind in fury raves;
It matters naught; our sails are set;
Our swift prow tosses seas aside;
(We pass the land of Bob Burdette;)
The changeless stars are still our guide.

402

Ho, eastward goes our boat tonight,
Delaying not its eager flight;
For yonder by the dark sea-shore,
See Cage's sunkissed mountains stand

Where beats the surf—fear not the roar,
Or hasten to some other land.

403

All gleams—naught glistened save the sea,
But joy fills mead and flower and tree;
Forget the past—put memory by,
Heart-broken days, O. Henry hide;
There is no pity in the sky,
No grief upon the green hill-side.

404

In riftless gloom where earth lies cold—
Life peers through darkness manifold—
Up—leaps the ghost of C. R. W.;
The palsied heart utters a groan,
And parched lips whisper their adieu;
Swift darkness comes where noon had
shone.

405

At Fawcett's Grove,—trees far apart,
Touched by the city's turbid heart,
Rude, grimy men that drudge for bread
With spade and trowel, ax and hod,
Oft pause in transient dreams to tread
The leafy lanes their boyhood trod.

406

Why ask for grandeur? Here we learn
In Rensselear amid the fern,

That lowliness is loftiness;
And littleness itself oft brings
A company of loveliness;
If we have eyes for little things.

407

The earthly toil of Ward is done
And here he sits at set of sun;
But oh, how dim the landscape grows!
The voices that we heard all cease;
And like a curtain at the close,
The darkness falls on all, and peace.

408

Wind from the east, a wet rain falling,
From anxious tugs hoarse voices calling;
'Tis Bennett's Harbor; slippery flooring,
Boxes and barrels in long defiles;
Our anchored vessel strains its mooring
And restless waters lap the piles.

409

In Powers we follow shapes that fade—
In ghastly landscapes grow afraid;
White on the slopes a splendor lies
Touching a mound where daisies blow,
And from the depths of viewless skies
Burns one soft beam to light us through.

410

While pale with rage the white turf springs
Our safe ship folds its snowy wings;
All through the night o'er moonlit turf
The wind brings to us from afar
The moanings of the baffled surf
Outside of Winter's harbor bar.

411

Clark's desert full of burning sands
Where molten heavens burn empty lands,
But once there lay here where we are
A garden filled with all delight,
Sunshine and shower, moon and star
And rhythmic change of day and night.

412

On C. P. Cranch's hallowed ground
One rose and nothing more was found,
But its sweet fragrance had not flown
In all its loveliness it lay;
One deathless beauty all alone
Whose perfume cheers our crew today.

413

If we, O Anna Katharine Green,
Had known whose face here might be seen!
The brooks leap up with many a song—
We once could sing, like these could sing—
Leaves fall—'tis like a sigh among
A world of joy and blossoming.

414

Still struggling in the sea's wide moan
Here Wilfred Campbell thrives alone.
We passed the fields of magic by
To reach this highly favored place,
But sadly find our gods all die
Or leave with far-averted face.

415

Tonight we dauntlessly embark
From Stuart Stern; beneath the arc
Called life, we drift out in the dark,
Until the golden beams shall break,
Or till the sweet notes of the lark
Shall cry, with voices glad: "Awake."

416

Here, Loughton's rock like silver shines
Or gleams like gold in Indian mines;
The lilies rock there tall and fair
Like flowers the kingbirds flash, yet not
A soul upon that island there,
That seems contented with his lot.

417

No wind there is that pipes or moans
Or whispers round the quiet stones
Of Lampman; roads, rough, silent, lined
With plum trees misty, blue and gray,
And spectral masses undefined
Of silver poplars far away.

418

The purple splendors of the air—
The robes yon monarch mountain wear
That wrap the mantle of the mane
About the altitudes of earth,
Then to the far seas smile again—
Are Hezekiah Butterworth.

419

So dimly here the tall reeds stand
We scarcely know if sea or land
Can claim these marshes for its own.
The twilight lays brown shades across
The form of Carr; brown sand is blown
Through the brown hair of grass and moss.

420

The crimson dawn breaks through the
cloud,
The waking breezes pipe aloud,
And blow the dew from opening buds
Of Lizzie Stoddard's close-shut bowers;
Across the lake the zephyr scuds
And steals the odors from the flowers.

421

Like lava streams the sumac crawls
Upon the mountain granite walls
Of Valentine. To scale the boulders
And taste the wild grape's dangling crop

The red fox strains his supple shoulders,
And through the sedges squirrels hop.

422

This island though now "pale as rye"
Did lately red as sunset lie;
Swift with tomorrow's green-winged spring
George Meredith, thy truants bring
That here the nightingale may sing,
And swallow dart with dipping wing.

423

Across yon isle flash glimpses fleet
Of upper joys and radiant feet,
'Mid gleams of light unseen before;
'Tis Lois Brookes; the moon gives light—
Wide open stands her welcome door—
And makes a silver day of night.

424

Not Sharon's roses were more fair
Than these, which Kinney's gardens bear;
White roses pure as northern snows,
And pink ones like a maiden's blush,
Red, yellow—every kind of rose—
That ever grew on tree or bush.

425

O Edward Brown! O swaying buds!
O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

O floods upon whose very brink
Sweet breezes set the buds a-swaying!
Here let us watch awhile and think—
Dear lambs amid the meadows playing.

426

Embladed grass and blossoming trees
Wherein sweet choirs chant melodies—
Such songs as sweetened paradise
Float over golden daffodils
With silver clouds in isle of Rice—
With thankfulness the spirit thrills.

427

In boundless billowy prairie stand
And hear creation's strong command:
"Thus far—no farther—shalt thou go
Here shall thy waves be forced to stay;"
'Tis ocean changed to prairie, so
Arrayed in Oliver Cromwell Gray.

428

John Jarvis Holden's Isle we pass
Now carpeted with faithful grass,
Tall banks the fleet brown river brims,
With emerald rushes at their brink;
In dappled skies a rainbow swims;
New color, life, the meadows drink.

429

To chasten our untimely gloom
The bright wind smote us with perfume,
The daisies darkened at our feet;
It is the Isle of Edmund Gosse—
A flame of grass with incense sweet
Makes us no more lament our loss.

430

Blue heaven looks down and blesses us,
The pure spring air caresses us;
To William Peters' isle we go,
Where every bird makes love and sings;
There's been a recent fall of snow—
Snow from the turtle dove's white wings.

431

Dew on the robe and tangled hair
Of Dowson; a fantastic air
Full of all sweetness; as a glass
It mirrors hope and love, how fair,
In all their beauty; but alas!
A trace of tears those lashes wear.

432

Sunshine and bird and bended bough—
Afar are all life's troubles now
Here may we feel the flying feet
And all the unforgotten bliss,
The throb of bird's heart fluttering sweet,
As we on Egbert sing like this.

433

A merry journey next we took
To dance by Douglas Robert's brook;
We tripped so lightly till the morn
Like dainty maid of degree;
And left there sighing all forlorn;
The brooklet twinkling to the sea.

434

J. M. O'Harra's gradual slopes
Extend to crowns of snowy copes.
The glint of green is all around,
A robin whistles loud its glee,
Sweet odors issue from the ground,
And breezes whirl in ecstasy.

435

In Timothy O. Paine we rest
Where water on the meadow's breast
Is moving slowly, as we look—
It is not seeking greater height—
It cannot yet be called a brook,
And yet its face is calm and bright.

436

Oh, time—how should wise thrift employ
it?
So short, how shall we now enjoy it?
Sweet Alice Brown with you we'll try
To fling our arm about the weather,

On longest road, 'neath smiling sky
And foot it gaily on together.

437

At Ethel Porter's crowned with snow
Deep down within our hearts we know—
As sunset tints the distant hue
And sunrise flushes rose and gold—
That lovely memory shall review
The spring's warm beauty through the cold.

438

Once winds blew chilly all day long
Where now is filled with bloom and song
Of Lewis Morris' liquid voice
To duty tuned and love's sweet sake;
Now all the day we here rejoice—
Hear echoes from the tasseled brake.

439

How many little songs grow still
Because no more the blossoms spill
Sweet nectars for them morn and eve!
And thus do Blanden's songs possess
A charm, but chill winds round them grieve
To hide them in forgetfulness.

440

The sunset's banked along the west,
The birds are going to their rest,

'Tis Duncan Campbell Scott, and there
Is winter gathering snow for flight,
And from the feeling of the air
We think that it will freeze tonight.

441

In Robert Wilson's winter fields
The lonely plains from whence the yields
Of summer have been borne away,
Long silent lands—haunts of the air—
How sad, how strangely sweet are they—
Still breathing sighs from woodlands bare.

442

Lone lake amidst encircling hills,
To whose repose the timorous rills
Bring scarce a murmur—Arthur Greene,
Why art thou in dejection clad?
While in thy depths such skies are seen,
Why so companionless and sad?

443

Back, clouds away, we banish sorrow,
We'll be on Heywood Isle tomorrow.
Wings of the wind our sails now fill
Waft us to where in every furrow—
And from each hill a music shrill
Doth notes from lark and linnet borrow.

444

John Stuart Blackie, furnished well
With shrubs and ferns; a rocky dell
With roses hanging from the cliff
In grace of pink and white and red,
While larch their purple cones uplift
And birch nod lightly overhead.

445

At Johnson's Island, far ahead
The river slips through its silent bed.
While on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking swings and swings
Its emerald boughs; a lullaby
In tinkling, swelling notes it sings.

446

Across the dreaming autumn haze
Where brown birds pipe in forest ways,
Charles Edward Russell's mystic ground,
Lies lingering in evening's gray
That seems the echo of thy sound—
Of tunes and chords of vanished day.

447

The sun sets cold upon the lake
Of Ivan Swift, and to the drake
A summons comes—"Home to the Brake";
The warmth is fled from bare brown hills,

And now its yield the town will take,
For man's heart fills where the mad crowd
wills.

448

What pantomimic fire doth glow
In J. V. C.! it gestures so
Behind the wire, but hush! there comes
A lady softly as the hours;
We hear the melody she hums—
Far sweeter than the breath of flowers.

449

The worst of ills, past hope, past cure,
The hardest for us to endure,
Is Penury. "Wealth makes the man."
This truth the Sage of Sparta told
Who lived upon this ancient land—
His name—Aristodemus Old.

450

Now past us files a grizzly row,
A crowd that mock us as they go;
They look like ghosts of misspent years—
Though seamen faring toward the quay—
As down the street they pass with jeers;
All at the close of a stormy day.

Canto X

451

Home-bound the drifting cloud-crafts rest
Here sunset ambers all the west;
Oft idle dream-drifts of the brain
That still encompass us at sea—
Like fancies, futile, feeble, vain—
Veil all the view with mystery.

452

Broad billows roll upon the sea
From time, on to eternity;
We know the dawn of days to come
Will drink up all the darkness there,
And blossom into gorgeous noon,
Up-piling beauty everywhere.

453

Great Tolstoy, artist almost divine,
Thou hast borne the cross, the crown is
thine.
Great heart, who chafing under bond,
Didst burst the manacles of creed;
A gentle nobleman who donned
The peasant's smock to plow and bleed.

454

No longer tarry in the north—
To warmer climes we venture forth.

Afar from mountains of Montgrief,
Afar from those who love us best;
The voyage is long, and oh, how brief
The season we have been thy guest.

455

Just as the glow of sunrise drives
Darkness from hills our boat arrives
At Sudduth, where a quiet broods
Like peace and rest on mead and lawn;
Past viewless paths of fields and woods
Our vessel bounds—and we are gone.

456

There Boland's lilacs, in their prime,
Breathed hope to those free souls sublime
In far-off France in tyrant's fen;
We hear their purple bells make chimes
Of peace on earth, good will to men
For other races, other climes.

457

Oh, lovely valley, fair and far
Where many sweet beguilements are,
Montgomery, we lag and dream
With thee R. L., where love doth dwell,
Through damask morns and noons agleam;
Ah, whispering, witching Echo Dell.

458

Here Katharine Lee Bates does seem
Too beautiful for human dream;
'Twas here that weary pilgrim's feet
With hopeful, stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across tomorrow's wilderness.

459

At Jessie Pope through misty trees
We feel a thrill in every breeze
When morning crowns the distant fields
With modest veil of azure gossam;
We take our leave as twilight steals
The guileless blush from every blossom.

460

Max Plowman, here thy skill still brings
Together all these lovely things
To make our dead souls live again,
And walk with knowledge undismayed;
Although our lives have been in vain
We here may see Life unafraid.

461

At Josephine Peabody, oh,
We pause to see how wise men grow;
But, oh, the wise in this old town
Have neither freshness now nor prime;
And there are fewer wise men now
Than once there were "upon a time."

462

Beyond the bay below the hill,
Beyond the waters gray and chill,
Lies Alice Tilden's silent place;
A phantom pageant cross the gray
Reluctant yields to mist's embrace
In garments of the bygone day.

463

Dusk falls on Braley; towers seem
Adrift in haze as in dream;
Lo, in a blaze the lights come on,
And sparkle where skyscrapers rise;
What magic in the days long gone
Could match this dazzling now our eyes?

464

Our good ship lies in crowded dock
Fair as a statue at Murlock;
Her funnel glitters white and bare;
A long, soft line of vapor curls
'Twixt sea and sky in soft blue air,
Like lost hopes fled from other worlds.

465

Kent Knowlton's village; dust lies thick
Upon the streets though paved with brick:
But there's one unfrequented road
That leads through cooling woodland
shades,

Of restful quiet the abode,
Where neither heat nor dust invades.

466

At Minnie Irving we are shown
Where lilies white as snow are blown;
But as we hoist our sail to go,
Behold a gorgeous garden spread—
A million scarlet flowers grow
For every flower is poppy red.

467

We love this place; the grass we feel
Has been a place where fairies kneel
In nights of moonbeam; witchery
Is in it; each strung blade still fills
With music, mirth or mystery
Eternal as these granite hills.

468

A heavenly rest the spirit fills
When we are in our native hills;
We feel the balm of breeze and skies
And find 'mid all the spiritual dark
The sapphire walls of paradise,
And see, beyond, the heavenly arc.

469

Across the seas our ship has flown
To Rhuddlaus land, far from our own;

As yet upon this distant shore,
The paths of peace we seem to tread,
And something in the world adore,
In foreign lands we deemed as dead.

470

Ah, there be soils few understand;
Like clouds we strive to touch their land;
Our ships unanchored blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, go down a wreck
In unknown seas, and never know
Much of such isle as Bowman Peck.

471

To Pulitzer we next would go
Where orchids 'mid the daisies grow;
Blue mountains rear their crests on high;
Rich kings their rarest treasures bring;
Processions torchlit pass us by—
Ah, this Walter's time to sing.

472

The rose's leaves are tipped with flame
And red with blushes—not of shame
At Elsa Barber's; ah, we know
Sometime 'twixt twilight and the morn,
Ere light again makes earth to glow
We must pursue our way forlorn.

473

At Kilmer, blind to our distress
And all our former loveliness,
They laid on us the heavy hand.
Love saw our plight and only laughed
(Not even Love could understand,)
And bade us drain the bitter draft.

474

At Symonds 'mid the ferns and mosses
We soon forgot our recent losses.
"O come away," sweet voices say
"Beneath yon tree awaits a treasure;"
The gold of day the wealth of May
Fills up the measure of our pleasure.

475

How many miles to Fortner's town
When leaves are green? When leaves are
brown?
And love to show us all the way,
As up the winding hills and down
We hopeful travel day by day?
Why, bless us, there is Fortner's town.

476

Dew on the long, dark grass is wet
The frogs may sing, the sun is set;
Was e'er the world so wide awake?
See Georgie Pangburn's Hill-on-Fire!

Is all this beauty for our sake?
This loveliness for our desire?

477

But ah! at Ewing, blackened weeds
Can scarcely lift a cup of seeds
To fill the snowbird's little needs,
Though bleak the wintry wind may blow;
While hollies lift their scarlet beads
Beneath the garland mistletoe.

478

Our ship sails on, the sea is still,
Yet calling winds from Hewlett's hill—
Above the voices of the town
Afloat upon the crystal sea—
Bring messages of verdant down
And whispers of the budding tree.

479

Adown the turquoise veiled valley,
Past terraced height and opal alley,
Our boat in basalt shadow sweeps,
By many fawn-veiled stars of light,
On through the purple-folding deep
To lilac drifts of Edith Wyatt.

480

Red roses we went rushing by
And tapestries hung in the sky

At Herbert Kaufman; for our eyes
Had then no time for viewing flowers
Or gazing at the beauteous skies;
Nor resting in those peaceful bowers.

481

But ah! the meadows all were brown,
The dry leaves lay upon the ground,
When we returned to Herbert K.
And all the flowers had been tossed
From them away; now all was gray,
We learned the cost of spring-time lost.

482

At Margaret Widdemer lilies grew,
Fair things of summer-fields we knew;
Far out above the covered hill,
And down among the mossy grass,
We wandered at our own sweet will—
Through open country we did pass.

483

Where flourish there the brier and thorn,
Shall valleys yet stand thick with corn,
At Sarah N. A voiceless cry
Along yon seaward valley rolls;
Hear it O ship, and forward ply
With thy rich freight of venturous souls.

484

The wind is low, the world is still;
The sighing trees invite; we will
Now dwell where slender steams upreach
(At Jennie Gay) aspiringly;
Aye, dwell where silence lends to each
Fond search a fine intensity.

485

As night-long shadows fade to gray,
We watch the blossom-bordered way
Of Pauline Johnson. Golden light
Stirs sweetest music we have known,
As beauty born of autumn night
Brings light where darkness had been sown.

486

Across the waters of the bay
The isles of Freeman Trotter lay.
O Sylvan deities be still;
Look at this scene and wring your hands!
O weep, ye gods of wood and hill,
O'er fallen monarchs of these lands!

487

Beneath the stars God sows at night—
As eager as the swallow's flight—
O'er waters of a deep dark sea,
We pass by C. C. Aiken's bower
With all its cloud-hung mystery,
Glad as a nodding garden flower.

488

Cone's Common Street against the sky!
We see the patient folks go by,
Each with his burden trudging slow;
Then burst of sunset, flooding hill
And vale, pure splendor pours, and lo!
The road ascends, man-traveled still.

489

Ah! once we saw as we did roam
A vision pure as sea's white foam—
At Woodberry, as we were rowing
Beyond the lilac sea-cliff beech,
Were pinkish houses ever glowing,
Clinging for foothold each on each.

490

Now sinks the day on sea and land;
At helm or wheel we take our stand;
World-wastes or melancholy coasts,
Or ruthless streets, by-ways of sin—
Called or uncalled we're at our post
To guard lest harm should enter in.

491

Upon this humble isle a play
Wrought by a genius had its day.
No scenes where passion runs to waste
In Lilla's garden can be found.
All is hedged in thy shrubs of taste—
One circling gravel marks the bound.

492

O willow tree where shadows play
'Neath silver sky on waters gray!
Here slumber touches Nature's soul,
'Mid silences and glories marred,
And blown cross Cowell's river shoal
Are flung encrimsoned on the sward.

493

The road is rich with rare delights,
We pause where Putnam's voice invites;
But not for gold or power or fame;
We walk with laughter hand in hand;
'Tis like the land from which we came—
Life's fairest and its gladdest land.

494

In Robert Loveman's little nook
We stop to take a forward look;
The restless, mortal tide flows on,
To some immortal, distant shore,
Past purple peaks of dusk and dawn,
Into the unknown evermore.

495

Much would it ease our spirits if
We might embark upon the skiff
Of Conkling's tanager with you,
And learn what speeds its ebon sails;
Or voyaging against the blue,
Bear honey-dew to nightingales.

496

An open country, ranch or range,
Men bronzed of skin, and landscape strange,
Is Richard Burton. All is ours;
And brother here by brother stands;
Ho, for the west abloom with flowers—
Or bare as doom—an open land.

497

We saw them all beneath the bowers,
The fairy folks disguised as flowers,
An instant in the wan moonlight;
Or was it but a dream was seen,
A whim that burst upon our sight,
That night at Madison Cawein.

498

We fly o'er land at Corinne Swain
In mono-, bi-, or hydro-plane;
While envious gazers watch our flight
Aloft we skim the ambient air;
They wonder at our dizzy height
And ask us "Is it cold up there?"

499

Now o'er the mountain-top we'll ride—
With nothing less be satisfied;
We roved the hills and piles of sand—
Forgive, forget the narrow walls;
We're lifted up, the skies expand;
Beneath we see the water falls.

500

We swing as in a dream, we swing
Down airy hollows, shout and sing,
As on a bough, the heart a bird,
Forget life's folly and regret—
The world is gone, an empty word;
Earth's chafing-chains forgive, forget.

Canto XI

501

Oh, let us rest, nor sigh to wander
To happy islands over yonder,
Thus losing life in fruitless quest.
The sun sets; rosy light is dying
Far down the pathway of the west;
Be still, O breeze, and cease thy sighing.

502

Our boat has ceased to sail or drift;
We've reached the land of Vandergrift;
A quiet path; cool grass and soft;
Road out of sight—of hearing too
Of sounds discordant heard so oft—
With nothing left for us to do.

503

In deepening shades our vision swims;
The domes are veiled; the city dims;

Soft strains of music drift away;
In turrets toll the spectral bells;
Sea voices, from the waters gray,
In Mifflin, echo faint farewells.

504

Upon the far-horizon's rim,
Star-lit in pine-dusk fragrance dim,
Now beckons with an old desire,
And with the scent of rain-sweet heather,
An Open Road, far-gleams of fire,
And cloud-white, care-free, gipsy weather.

505

A wandering without a care
Through hot house blooms, a wild rose there
Brought back our dreams of Glad Madone,
With all the old-time fantasies
Of country paths in days long gone,
Deep clover fields, and trysting trees.

506

Untouched by crimson or by gold,
The dawn arose ethereal, cold,
Symbol of beauty passionless,
And spoke of snows, of beauty's home—
Of all inviolate loveliness—
Beyond the blue sea's fretful foam.

507

Out of the sun-kissed plains of light,
Beaches of shell, cliffs dazzling white,
We drifted on for endless miles—
Still on betwixt the stars and sea,
Until our ship, passed Scilly Isles,
Arrived at William Macafee.

508

At William Stanley Braithwaite stay
And see the world anew to-day.
Behind us are the silences;
Before us visions far withdrawn;
To-day our sails are happiness,
The winds of hope now waft us on.

509

'Tis but an inn, nor may we stay;
We lord it for a single day;
Not ours the rooms we occupy.
So quickly ere the summons fall—
For fast the time is slipping by,
We write our names upon the wall.

510

All we could see from where we stood
Were three long mountains and a wood—
At Jessie Weston's; but how fine!
We turned to look another way—
Traced the horizon's distant line—
And saw three islands in a bay.

511

We all enjoyed our sail to-day
Hard by the Isle of Bangs J. K.
For as the sun smiled on the scene
And as we watched the rillets race
How beauteous the forest green!
How glad the thoughts that grew apace.

512

Alas! the treacherous rapids fleet!
What island now lies at our feet?
Alas! the glassy pool below,
Where through the shallows we have gone
To which, alas! how could we know?
We like Ophelia floated down.

513

At Henni Heaton's we have been
Betrayed by what is false within;
In vain were panoplies arrayed,
The onslaught of the fiercest hord—
But we alone know who betrayed
Our fortress to the fire and sword.

514

From desert wastes an ancient song
Upon the winds now drifts along;
With eery cadence hoots the owl;
The moon is on her silver throne;
The lions peer, the lions prowl
About the pillars proud or prone.

515

A night of dreams, then undismayed,
We're up at six at Jimmie Braid;
White frost has settled on the green;
The turf is soggy with the rain;
A biting gale rips out the scene,
As winter stalks along the plain.

516

Behold a sweep of sunset coast—
Like richly wrought enchantment's ghost—
It lies before us at Cale Rice.
At length to us night comes; and now
The crescent moon—with wrathful eyes
Looks on us from night's purple brow.

517

To Wilkie Collins we have strayed
To see the penstrokes he had made—
Though now his genial heart is still
The frost of silence films his pen,
And he has passed beyond the hill
To secrets far beyond our ken.

518

We met a little Roman maid
At Owen Seaman's—sore afraid;
A little fawn, you would have vowed,
That only sought her mother's side
But wandered lonely as a cloud
Upon the mountains far and wide.

519

Now we must have a chaperone—
No one can see this isle alone,
Howe'er he ogle, rave or sigh,
That is a fact to us well known ;
Though Lever let us catch her eye—
The bashful Widow of Malone.

520

The touch still graceful to the hand,
The kiss, the breeze, still sweet and bland ;
The flowers nodding courteously ;
The locks now thin and silver gray—
It stirs the heart again to see
The Isle of Motherwell—still gay.

521

This Drummond Isle that seemed so fair
Is like a bubble in the air—
In pomp it doth not long appear ;
When most admired, as quick as thought
It vanishes ; no longer there ;
It erst was naught and turns to naught.

522

Dodd was a poet once, to-day
How faint the rose within the gray ;
And yet our pulses quicken when
The lurking moon leaps forth and fills
With magic of imagining
Some lonely winding of these hills.

523

With surge of wings from distant seas
Beneath resplendant tapestries,
Through redning morns, through purpling
 eves,
Or lit by gleam of amber star,
Borne by a breeze that faintly grieves,
We pass beyond the hills afar.

524

'Tis not the sight of this fair scene—
It is the scent—'tis that wet, keen,
Long lost aroma of delight,
Of fresh plowed fields after the rain,
Of brush-smoke from the hills at night,
At Turner, stirs to tears again.

525

There are a few scenes in Bridge's Land:
We see a lonely cypress stand;
Beyond, a single sea-bird flies
To gain its far and craggy home
Below the lemon-colored skies—
An ocean islet ringed with foam.

526

Like horses racing o'er the sand,
We've past beyond the burning land.
It seems we have not breathed till now,
Nor felt such deep and still delight;

The wind's cool hand is on our brow,
And we are robed in lordly night.

527

All Northern Hilliard's Burgeoned Trees
Yield tribute to the passing breeze;
Here at our ease with hearts as light
As all the jocund minstrelsies
Or buoyant swallows in their flight.
We cast aside care's panoplies.

528

Ah, now we ask for leave to climb
From out the darkness and the slime,
At Bessie Emmett's low dark places,
Whence rise to scale the sullen height,
The shivering shadow-pallid faces
Beseeching for their share of light.

529

We seem to see a shining isle
That has almost a human smile,
With eyes that gleam now fierce, now tender
Through goggles that reflect the sun
With more than oriental splendor—
It is O. Herford's "Shining One."

530

The thick battalions of the rain
We see along the sullen plain

But from the gateway of the West
There comes a flood of gold outflowing
That lights the passing sea-bird's breast
And gilds the hill-tops with its glowing.

531

The fey hours come, the sun is set
At Hayes; dim daylight lingers yet;
The slowly rising crescent moon
Brings fond remembrances that throng
Just as in evenings long gone,
With echoes of love-time's sweet song.

532

A muffled footstep's faintly heard
And fallen leaves are gently stirred
Upon the dying velvet grass
As in the shadows one by one
At B. S., Hallowe'en we pass;
There's sure some mischeif to be done.

533

We saw the city's thoroughfare
At night's approach renounce its care.
The self-same sport that crowns the day
Of many a Syrian shepherd's son
Beguiles the little lads at play
At night in stately Babylon.

534

At C. R. H.'s graceful slopes
We realized our fondest hopes ;
We found a hill that's fair and green
Where welcome breezes softly blow ;
An orchard beautifies the scene,
And there's a lane that winds below.

535

Mist on the river, and—oh, yes,
This is the land of Baltimore S.
Oofs and fairies and weirds are out ;
Goblin Pixies and fays troop by ;
Nymphs and satyrs and naiades shout,
While dogs on the trails of opossum cry.

536

A rock-ribbed isle by ocean girded
Where many beasts for serving herded,
Was Stevenson with flower-kissed regions,
Where hillside green and valleys gleam—
A harvest home for toiling legions—
A place for man's immortal dream.

537

Ashore at Davis we look out
And see the sweet world spread about,
The silent dew on lilac tree,
The sense of wise stars just withdrawn,
With meadow-larks we rise to see
The hills that sleep along the dawn.

538

Not far from here is Curtis Clark;
We feel a presence in the dark,
Which speaks to us in glad surprise.
Each wayside flower has a voice
And stars declare when daylight dies
The love that bids our heart rejoice.

539

At many islands softly bright
Where music pulses to the light,
Our boat but paused, then drifted on—
A butterfly among the flowers
We passed they darkened, and were gone,
So like a gleam in beauties' bowers.

540

A yellow stream and willows sighing;
A boat of steel where junk is plying,
Where once was peace and gentle wills,
Tradition, dream and ancient plan—
Now we behold but Shansi Hills
At Samuel Mervin's Hills of Han.

541

Together in a small canoe
With Douglas Goldring, here we go—
A strong stroke, and the heart grows merry;
Small farms slide by, bright stars are gleam-
ing,

We see a dark girl at a ferry,
And then we have the night for dreaming.

542

We sailed round Harold's Isle to-day,
And all was splendid, we were gay;
But soon the night began to blacken,
Our ship skipped swiftly o'er the sea,
We thought our sails would never slacken:
'Twas there "a Russian maid disdained me."

543

At Jami, beauty free from form,
By its own light the senses charm;
Anon its beams fall on a rose;
Its melody—the nightingale;
Its fire—the cheek; so on it goes—
But it is time to hoist a sail.

544

We swam to Morike with the tide;
We saw a bridegroom and a bride,
Together sat they side by side—
But when the moon in heaven did stand,
An empty skiff down stream did glide,
Two lovers floated dead to land.

545

Here Wilhelm Muller's name we see
Carved deep in every forest tree.

On every stone more lastingly ;
It shines from every blossom fair ;
We hear it in each bird-note free,
And breathe it in the perfumed air.

546

See yonder hill so green and round,
Its brow with ancient beeches crowned?
There is the vale and there the brook
From yonder rocky fragment springing ;
The very shade and cozy nook
That William Shenstone chose to sing in.

547

There lies a village by the hill,
Where peace is found, at E. R. Sill,
White roofs, and dim each dwelling's door—
The pure mist, pity of the sea,
With white soft hand now reaches o'er
And touches us most tenderly.

548

No barren waste is Schopenhauer,
No dark morass—just look afar :
The sunlit meadows everywhere,
And clear rich fields of German Prose ;
Great genius, philosopher,
And one of error's deadliest foes.

549

We traveled slowly through the woods
Of Allingham's vast solitudes;
All day the dead leaves fell. We felt;
Through empty fields till glimmering eve,
The power of melancholy yet—
'Twas vain, we knew how vain to grieve.

550

O waves lit with the night's pale gold—
Boom, hiss, make music manifold;
Still work on Alexander's strand;
Our thoughts roll wave-like to the shore;
They drift—they float at our command;
When will they rest? Ah! nevermore.

Canto XII

551

Oft as we traversed alien lands,
When time hung heavy on our hands,
Our thoughts flew back to other days,
The early morning of our life,
To childhood's happy care-free ways,
Or back to home, or child, or wife.

552

To cross the sea to other soil,
Meant risk, perplexity and toil,

Unceasing danger, constant strife;
And yet unjoyously, we fear,
We shall resume the tasks of life,
The little things of now and here.

553

At Randolph Thompson's gory plain
The streams were crimsoned by the stain
Of recent battles: We looked down
The circling hills with cannon planted
O'er listless camp and silent town
Where peaceful golden sunset slanted.

554

At Wanda, through a sudden rift,
We saw rose-radiant islands drift
On ebbing seas; and we saw these:
A vale beneath a snow-white pall,
Sunshine on blossoming cherry-trees—
Then all lay hid beyond recall.

555

Yon dazzling slope where sunlight shines
Up to the dark green of the pines,
Where sparkling lilies of the snow
Shake to the white smoke now and then,
Is Russel Taylor—catch it so—
A scene we ne'er may see again.

556

Soon as the day begins to break
We move across Vance Chaney Lake,
And linger where the roses are ;
We snatch a nosegay and we're gone.
These roses sweet we'll bear afar
To cheer us up when cheeks are wan.

557

The blue waves gently kiss the strand,
Then rippling leave the verdant land—
Of Fenner's peaceful pebbly shore,
Where towering stretch the pine-trees round
The lake beyond the ocean's roar—
We hear naught save the wind's soft sound.

558

The ceaseless hum, the dusty streets,
The dweller in the city meets,
We leave to seek the cool retreats
Of Burleigh's Forest, where, in bowers
Built by his hand, on mossy seats
We sit and while away the hours.

559

The bright waves toss their foam on high,
The summer breeze goes lightly by,
The air and water dance and play ;
The linnet sings these wild woods through,
And we will merry be as they,
Miss Mitford, while we are with you.

560

From cloud with purple-sprinkled rim
A swan sank down to the river brim;
Of northern beauty was his song—
How day forgets to rest up there,
How glad the skies the whole night long—
In Runeberg's delightful air.

561

How wondrous is this scene to me!
A. Fet:—full moon on yonder lea,
A distant plain in whitening light
Beneath the moonbeams flashing bright;
A sledge, almost beyond our sight,
Pursues its solitary flight.

562

O river beautiful 'twixt hills
Beyond the thunder of the mills
And wheels that churn life into foam,
Go murmur soft to every ear
That this is the Plimpton's island home;
Invite all wanderers that hear.

563

Where Poushkin's peaks and mountains lie,
An eagle even with the eye,
Moves, while the clouds in silence go;
Dark thickets, lower, green meadows bloom,
And moss and shrubs are still below,
Where throistles sing and reindeer roam.

564

An island stern, where once did grow,
Amid great storms, both joy and woe;
A place where force and beauty met
Was Wyatt, happy but for foes;
He ran the race that Nature set;
An isle earth ill affords to lose.

565

The armored fighting men we met
Upon the marge of Rose Benat.
We proudly strode, no sword on high,
Not e'en an amulet we bore,
But all unarmed we passed them by
To forest's depths that lay before.

566

In Mistral, now a memory,
A true Homeric bard we see;
An island parted from the group,
The modern archipelago,
To join the mainland, and the troupe
Of mighty men of long ago.

567

We pass full-speed by Johnnie Reed;
To flying spume we give no heed.
O falling star that yet can please!
O languid palms! Our sails unfurl;
Through unknown seas, we'll follow these
In down-hill quest across the world.

568

Here noble Surrey felt the rage
Of beauty of a tender age;
Here gentle Surrey loved his lyre;
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire
And his the bard's immortal name.

569

A bishop on this island stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood
With little pride of Prelacy;
More pleased that in a barbarous age
(Than that obeyed his rule should be)
To give to Scotland Virgil's page.

570

A king who ruled as he thought fit
The boundless monarchy of wit
Was Donne. These softnesses
Of shadow, air and light and love,
Of keenest thought, e'en bitterness
Made sweet—all wit did he improve.

571

Delightful vale of Arcady,
The natal isle of Philip Sidney!
The acorn planted by him here
Grew up to be a stately oak,
To flourish, moulder, disappear;
No braver, gentler man e'er spoke.

572

We view the ancient land of Gower
And hear his song for one short hour,
It hath been sung at festivals,
And lords and ladies—of their lives—
Have read it for restoratives;
Only the fittest now survives.

573

We journeyed on with mind serene
To Thomas Wharton's verdant scene,
Where summer suns o'er prospects played—
Old elms with flowery meads between,
And hills in towering groves arrayed—
But change in all around was seen.

574

See yon green space? Mark Akenside,
Thy guests we will awhile abide.
Here one large oak its awful shade
Enlarging spreads itself around,
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclosed in other woods profound.

575

Beloved Lamb! the gentlest name
That ever clothed itself with fame,
Or linked itself with names of old,
Or lofty names of English birth;
We pause awhile within thy fold
And view thy heritage of earth.

576

Of course we all remember well
The day we visited Blondel.
Sleep Troubadour; enough that thou
To Richard of the Lion Heart,
With one sweet lay, didst keep thy vow,
And link thy name to deathless art.

577

At Wordsworth; all ye isles rejoice;
We still can hear that soothing voice,
That spoke amid disputes and fears,
And over sunlit hills the breeze
Went forth again; though bathed in tears,
Our smiles broke forth—we were at ease.

578

A lofty mount, hard to ascend,
Is Browning; hard to comprehend,
Yet strength and greatness do inspire
The soul with life and ruddy health
And manliness. We will not tire
In digging up thy matchless wealth.

579

Enchanted isle, the next in sight,
Whose shores are fringed with blossoms
bright—
Elizabeth Barret Browning Isle;
Forever might we stay with thee—

And bask in thy delicious smile,
O lovely, sweet Aurora Leigh.

580

Our vessel flies, soon we are on
The land of Joseph Addison;
A silent land! a mighty pen!
Oh, for some pen of equal power,
To wield 'gainst ways of modern men,
The foibles of the present hour.

581

We reached upon our pilgrimage,
The Gilead of an iron age.
When Goethe died the human race,
For monument, built high this mound,
To him who did each weakness trace,
And read aright to each his wound.

582

Along yon sounding beach behold
Where dark waves roll o'er sands of gold.
Oh, vast, dark land superb and strong!
Majestic Milton! rise and fall
Ye undulations of his song,
Uplifted high, high over all.

583

At last we reach the crowded streets,
The garden walks with mingled sweets;

Of life, the poet paramount;
The land beloved by all alone
Where laurel grows by every fount
To crown our Shakespeare on his throne.

584

Returning home—our voyage o'er—
By Chaucer's Isle, we hear once more
The crowing cock; for this was he,
The eldest of the English choir;
The morning star of minstrelsy,
The highest hill touched first with fire.

585

So ends our tour; so ends our song;
We've rolled in ecstasy along
From ancient turf, where Homer lay
And dreamed of Helen and of Troy;
We've heard sweet strains from day to day
From modern bards in Isles of Joy.

586

From vale and hill-top—humble, proud—
Enshrined in folds of silver cloud
The Muses sang; we've leaped in air
And clove through ether like a bird
That flits beneath yon planet fair—
That not a word might pass unheard.

587

We've seen the streets of Babylon
Where only lizards glide and run—
Camped by the wells of Kerf Hawar—
Drank from the founts of Banias,
Beheld beneath the vesper star,
The maidens pause, the maidens pass.

588

Time had engulfed in its abyss
Both Susa and Persepolis ;
And they were fallen faded things ;
Just like the rose-leaves when they fall,
Or like the power of past kings—
An empty name and that is all.

589

Past Warmth, past Freshness and Emotion,
Why travel o'er a Frozen ocean?
We still might tour the Coral Islands
Or view the Alps or Spanish Main,
But life in lowlands or in highlands,
Ah, could it be the same again?

590

We often wonder what may be
Far in the future ; all we see
Is of the past—a picture fair ;
But in the future over yonder
Does there await a freer air
And broader View?—We pause to ponder.

591

Much have we traveled, far have been,
And many goodly islands seen;
And continents of purest gold
Of wide expanse and air serene,
Which for Apollo bards should hold,
In fealty to their goddess queen.

592

How many green isles yet may be
In all the unknown boundless sea;
And oh! that we could journey on
By day and night for many a day;
But mariners grow worn and wan,
E'en drifting on a tireless way.

593

Oftimes the solid darkness black
Has closed around our vessel's track;
Oftimes, above, an angry sky,
Beneath us lay the foeman's fleet,
And often clouds hung heavily
Or hurried on with lightning feet.

594

How oft the dim low line before
That marked some dark and distant shore,
Would still recede as if to shun
The bark, that with divided will
We frequently but drifted on—
No power even to be still.

595

And when we reached some safe retreat
Where were the friends our crew to greet?
Where were the hearts our hearts to meet,
With friendship's smile or fond caress?
Ah! where love's sympathetic beat,
The only refuge from distress?

596

Yes; other flowery isles must be
Throughout the Literary Sea;
And even now methinks may sit
Some blossoming isle where bright seas
 heave,
And beckon us to visit it,
Ere we, the crew, our bark shall leave.

597

But 'tis in vain—the voyage is o'er;
Naught can be seen save from the shore:
And in a calm and blooming cove,
Afar from passion, pain and guilt,
May there for us, and those we love,
A bower of memory be built.

598

Our ship is anchored safe and sound,
Its passengers are on the ground;
The voyage closed, our work is done.
It was a fearful, wondrous trip—

The rocks we weathered, prizes won!
Three cheers for our Victorious Ship.

599

The full sea rolls and thunders on
Just as in days forever gone,
And surged a thousand miles from shore;
It shouts in glory, romps in glee,
With unrest ranges evermore—
Farewell, O Life, O loving Sea.

600

We take the ebb who had the flow;
O tide of Life, our friend, our foe!
What though thou break us, need we care?
We've dared, fulfilled ourselves, and so
Have conquered, though no trump we share,
Time's plaudit, or Fame's afterglow.

Author's Last Word

Full-orbed, complete, is the Kaleidoscope
Of Literature. Henceforth all we may hope
To see, is some variety of light
And shade adjusted. All the flowers bright
Already have been plucked; we seldom find
One now which does not us somehow re-
mind
Of other flowers that we have plucked be-
fore;
And when we've traced one to its stalk—
and lower—
The soil from whence it sprang, we've
found—
It drawing nourishment from well-known
ground.

For centuries no one in verse has done
A thing that's quite original—not one.
What now is said has oft been said before,
And all an author claims, nor justly more,
On mountain-top or in the humblest isle,
Is just his own peculiar cut of style,
Each gilds his own ideal with glittering
word,
Re-stating facts that often have been heard;

Each echoes words that fell from minstrels'
tongue,
Or else the music of the songs they sung.

Daughter of Memory, oft scorned by me,
Come give me speech and song that I may
be

Clad in habiliments of graces rare
As these who laurel boast and myrtle wear;
Come, fair Parnassus, lift thou up my heart;
I know no joy in which thou hast no part—
My speeding wind, my anchor and my goal;
Come, Helicon, renew my thirsty soul;
A cypress crown, O Muse, if thou wilt give,
I too with these shall in remembrance live.

Roll on, ye waves of time, ye dark brown
years,

Although ye bring no joy, but only tears;
The tomb shall open when the strength shall
fail,

The son of song find rest in some low vale—
The voice remains, a lonely blast that roars,
When winds have laid on sea-surrounded
shores;

The dark moss whistles there, while yonder
sees

Some distant mariner the waving trees;
The muses beckon with the call of years

Though Memory shall say, "He sang
through tears."

When I am laid upon yon mossy shore,
To rest, till time shall cease, forevermore;
In my frail bark no more these seas to sail,
Nor see the sky, nor hear the nightingale—
Will some lone mariner, led from afar
Through shadows, by perchance a single
star,

To where yon river weeps into the deep,
Say, This is where he sleeps the charmed
sleep?

Shall one who sails these seas in after-day
Remember me when I am gone away?

List of Authors

A partial list of authors sketched or quoted—
Within are these—most worthy and most
noted;

A partial list, but more this volume men-
tions;

And others still omits with best intentions,
That may in a completed work be found;
A thousand scintillating stars abound
In all the literary firmament;
And, as above the strings of instrument
Sweet music soars, the soul of literature,
Embodied in these volumes, will endure.

Aristodemus, Arnold, Akenside,
With Allingham and Aikens by their side;
And Æsop, Anderson and Angelo,
And other A's whose writings we should
know.

Balzac and Bacon, Bryant, Byron, Burns,
Should each our full attention have by
turns;

While Blair and Bronte, Burdette and But-
terworth,

May call for tears (or else excite our mirth) ;
Carlyle and Campbell, Coleridge, Crabb and
Cook,
Are found with Clough and Chaucer in this
book.

Dante and Dryden, Darwin, Dickens, Drake,
With Dodge and Doddridge their positions
take ;

Euripides, Egbert and Eggleston,
And Edwards, Elliott and Emerson,
Fitzgerald, Franklin, Fletcher and Fair-
banks,
With Field and Fielding swell the worthy
ranks.

And Ford and Fawcett, Fenner, Fenton,
Fet,

Are names that do find worthy mention yet ;
Goldsmith and Goethe, Gunnison and Gay,
Garfield and Granville, Garrison and Gray,

With Gower and Gilbert, Gilder, Grant and
Green,

And Gosse, Gage and Goldring here are
seen ;

Old Homer, Heine and Henley, Hervey,
Horn,

And Horace, Havergal and Hagerdon,
Hawthorne and Hemens, Holland, Harte
and Hay

With Herrick, Holmes and Hayne are here
to stay.

Three I's inviting thought of friend and foe
Are Irving, Ingersoll and Ingelow,
While Johnson, Jackson, Jefferson and
James

With Jones here take their place as worthy
names.

Here Keats and Kingsley, Kipling, Knowl-
ton, Knowle,

Longfellow, Lytton, Landon, Locke and
Lowell,

Lovelace and Loveman, Leyden and Lanier,
Still sing for those who have an ear to
hear.

MacCaulay, Morris, Middleton and Moore
Are faces that we've often seen before;
And Massinger, Montgomery, McKay,
And Meredith, we've met along the way;
While Newton, Nicholson and Nuckols are
In company with Ovid and Omar.

O'Hara, Otway, Ossian and Orleans
Add gaiety (or sadness) to life's scenes.
Pope, Poe and Pringle, Proctor and Parnell
With Perceval and Plutarch much can tell;
E'en Quarels agrees with Ruskin, Ryan,
Raleigh,

That ignorance is sire and son of folly.

St. John and Spenser, Shelley, Southey,
Scott,
And Schiller, Swineburne, Swift and Smith
are not
Passed by; Tighe, Thompson and Thoreau,
With Thackeray and Tennyson may go.

Uhland and Virgil, Vogeleweide and Vaughn
With Very and Voltaire are living on;
Verlaine, Van Platen and Vazoff are seen
With Van Dyke, Vandergrift and Valentine.
Nor are the glorious W's forgotten—
Here's Whitman, Willis, Whittier and Wot-
ton,
Wordsworth and Wright and Wiley, Wolfe
and Wood—
And Wilde (and others equally as good).
And last (though mentioned not as least) is
Young:
Who firmly holds his humble place among
These bards whose songs shall evermore be
sung.

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